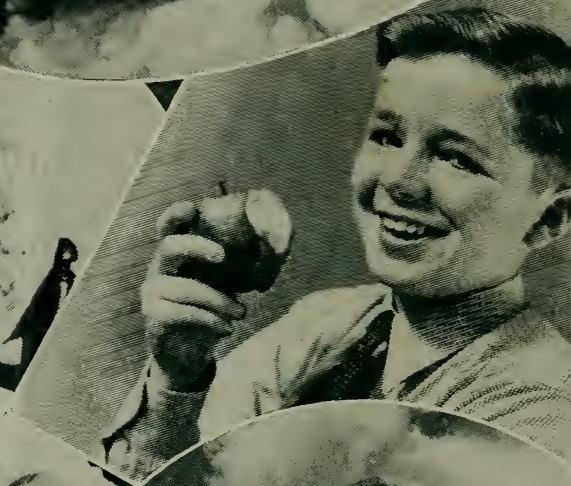
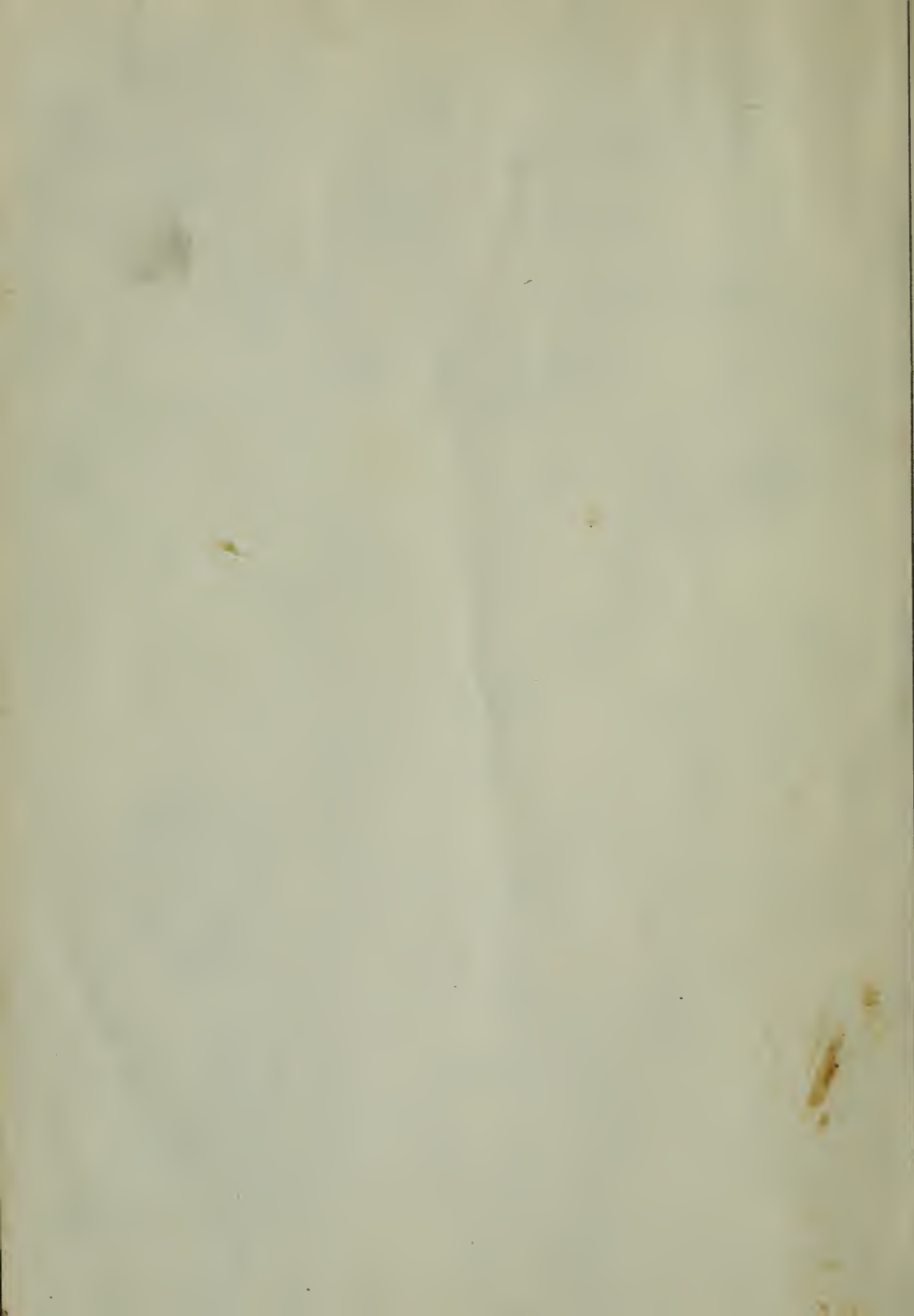








THE CHILDREN'S HOUR
WITH UNCLE ARTHUR

The Children's Hour

Between the dark and the daylight,
When the night is beginning to lower,
Comes a pause in the day's occupations,
That is known as the Children's Hour.

Henry W. Longfellow



Dedicated

To the boys and girls
Of every nation under heaven,
Of every race and clime and color,
Who love a story!



With His Unusual Ability for Telling Stories, Uncle Arthur Never Fails to Capture the Interest of Children

The
CHILDREN'S HOUR

With UNCLE ARTHUR

Book One

By

ARTHUR S. MAXWELL

Author of "Uncle Arthur's Bedtime Stories"

Wholesome, Truthful,
Uplifting, Inspiring
Stories for Boys and
Girls

REVIEW AND HERALD
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H. A. ROBERTS

It Is Fun to Climb a Tree, but Dangerous. Be Careful, Boys



U.S. DEPT. OF THE INTERIOR

A Kindly Ranger and His Friends in Yosemite Discover a Robin's Nest

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EWING GALLOWAY

A Quiet Rest During a Hike in the Country

Preface

THIS book is the first of a new five-volume set of children's stories. It has been prepared for two reasons: To meet the very great need for wholesome, character-building children's literature, and also to respond to a large number of requests for a sequel to *Uncle Arthur's Bedtime Stories*.

Some readers will recall that the little books known as *Uncle Arthur's Bedtime Stories* were first published in 1924, then annually until 1944. Their total circulation during these twenty years reached more than ten million copies. They are still being sold in large numbers and will no doubt continue to be circulated as long as children love a story. But many have said, Couldn't we have something else, something perhaps just a little older, presenting the wholesome lessons of life? And so, not to supersede *Bedtime Stories*, but rather to supplement them, we have added *The Children's Hour*.

The two principles underlying *Bedtime Stories*—that every story must be true to life and every story must teach some helpful

lesson—will be consistently followed in *The Children's Hour*. Of most of the stories in the following pages I can honestly say, as of most of the *Bedtime Stories*, they have come straight from the hearts of children who, by letter or personal contact, have told me their experiences. If any reader should doubt the accuracy of a story in this, or in any subsequent volume, I hope he will feel free to write me. I can defend them all!

Just one more word. In view of the fact that so many children know but little or nothing about the Bible today, it is my plan to introduce into each of the five volumes of this new set of books a certain number of Bible stories. There will be nothing "preachy" about them. In telling this type of story I shall aim to help the children to discover for themselves the wonder and beauty of the Word of God.

And now, to all my friends, both young and old, who have loved the *Bedtime Stories*, and a host of others who may not have seen them yet, I send this invitation: Come, spend the Children's Hour with Uncle Arthur. And may all who read, find such happiness and blessing as will last through all the years to come.

ARTHUR S. MAXWELL.

"Twin Oaks,"
Box 54, El Monte Avenue,
Los Altos, California.



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HARRY ANDERSON, ARTIST

She Grabbed Her Four Children and Lifted Them One by One Onto the Top of a Large Cupboard



Night had fallen. Everybody in the little town was asleep. Everybody, that is, except the policeman, who was keeping his lonely watch in the police station.

Nobody dreamed that danger was near. No serious trouble had come to the town in years and years. There was no sign of trouble now, except that the level of the water in the river was a little higher than usual. But then, the water often rose and fell without anyone's noticing it. Sometimes, especially in the hot, dry summer, the river was merely a little trickle, 'way down at the bottom of its forty-foot banks.

The night wore on. There was no sound save the beating of the rain on the roofs and roadways, and the occasional barking of a dog.

Suddenly the telephone rang in the police station.

"Flood warning!" said a voice. "Lots of water rushing your way. Will reach you in thirty minutes. Get the people out of all houses on low-lying ground."

Quick as you can. There's no time to lose. Hurry!"

A flood! In thirty minutes! How little time to warn everybody!

The policeman sounded the alarm, and in an instant the whole town was alive. A few minutes later men were hurrying to the houses down by the river, waking the sleeping families and helping them move what they could of their goods to higher ground.

Some of the people, just roused from sleep, didn't want to move, especially in the middle of the night, with rain teeming down. They couldn't believe that a flood was only a few minutes away. But the policemen and the firemen and other friends hurried them out to safety.

Then it came. About one o'clock in the morning a wall of water, full of uprooted trees, broken houses, and dead animals, rushed by. On its churning surface were tables, chairs, pianos, oil drums, and even cars! It hit the bridge in the middle of town and carried it away as though it had been made of paper. It overflowed its banks and filled all the low-lying land near by. Some of the houses which people had left but a few minutes before, were lifted off their foundations and sent sailing downstream. Others collapsed and fell apart.

By this time hundreds of people were standing on high ground near the river, peering through the darkness at the terrible scene before them. How glad they were that nobody was in those houses that were being smashed and carried away by the flood!

Nobody?

"Look!" cried someone. "Surely that was a light! Over there; look!"

"It can't be," said others. "There's nobody there; and there's no light anyway."

"But there it is again! Look! It must be a candle. Somebody keeps lighting it, and it blows out."

"So it is! You're right. Whose house is it?"

"That's Mrs. Smith's house. Her husband's in the Army, and she has four little children with her. Didn't anybody warn them?"

No, nobody did. Somehow, in the darkness and the excitement, that house had been missed. Now it was surrounded by wild, rushing water which threatened any moment to carry it away.

"Give me a rope!" cried some brave soul. "I'll swim there!"

They tied a rope round the man, and he set off. But he couldn't get anywhere near. It was impossible. The swift current carried him away, and it was only with great difficulty that he was hauled back. Another man, then another, offered to go, but it was no use. All failed.

Meanwhile, out there in the darkness a brave little mother was making a gallant fight for life and for the lives of her children.

As no one had called to warn her of the coming flood, she and her children were all fast asleep when the first rush of water came sweeping into their house. Awakened by the shouts of the people looking on, and

the roar of the floodwaters going by, she jumped out of bed, to find herself standing in two feet of water, which covered the bedroom floor and was fast rising. Suddenly realizing what had happened, she grabbed her four children and lifted them one by one onto the top of a large cupboard. Then as the water rose above the beds, the table, the chairs, she clambered up on top of the cupboard herself, taking with her a candle and matches, a dry blanket, a bottle of milk, a knife, an old chisel, and, of all things, a flatiron!

Now they were all huddled together on top of the cupboard, wondering just how high the water would rise. Then it was that this dear, brave mother began to pray that God would spare her and her children, and if not, let them die together.

An hour passed by. Two hours. It was now three o'clock in the morning. They could feel the water close to the top of the cupboard. Suddenly one of the inside walls of the house gave way and fell with a great splash.

"The end must be near now," this brave mother said to herself. But she was not ready to give in yet.

Now it was that she made use of the tools she had so wisely brought with her, thinking that she might need them.

Just over their heads was the ceiling, made of thin boards. "If I could just cut through it," she said to herself, "we could climb up on the rafters. Then we would be another two feet above the water."

Seizing the flatiron and the blunt chisel, she began

chipping away at the board, splitting it off in little pieces until she had made a hole two feet long by nine inches wide. Through this tiny hole she pushed her children, one by one, telling each to sit astride a rafter. She was afraid they might fall through the frail board if they were to stand on it. Then she pulled herself up through the hole and sat with them there, waiting, wondering, praying, while below, the water swirled through the house.

Four o'clock. Five o'clock. Six o'clock. It was getting light now. And what a scene! The great brown torrent was still surging by, with bits of broken houses and furniture floating on its surface. Hundreds of people who had watched all night were looking anxiously at the one little house still standing in the midst of the flood. Only its roof could be seen now, with the tops of some of its windows. Surely everybody in it must have been drowned long ago!

But no! Look! Somebody is cutting a hole in the roof!

The brave little mother is making her last attempt to save her children. She is going to lift them out onto the roof if need be!

A shout goes up from the people and tears come to many eyes.

"Let me try again," says a strong swimmer. "I think I can make it now."

They tie a rope around his waist and he sets off through the raging waters. He is swept downstream, but fights his way up again. At last, after a mighty

effort, he reaches the house. Another shout goes up from the people on the bank. He has got there in time! The family may yet be saved.

Tying the rope securely, he makes his way in through a window. The large cupboard, on which the family had waited so long, and by which they had climbed into the loft, is gone. He signals back for a ladder. Soon another swimmer, aided by the rope, is on his way with one. Another swimmer follows. Soon one of them is seen coming from the house with a little girl on his shoulders.

Another mighty cheer rends the morning air. Then another and another as one by one the children are brought by strong hands along the rope, strained to the uttermost by the fury of the torrent.

Then, as all brave captains are the last to leave their sinking ships, so this dear mother is the last to leave her falling house. When all her four children have been taken to safety she comes out herself and, with the help of her rescuers, makes her way to land. What a cheer they give for her! And she deserves it. Brave little mother!

I hope her children never forget how they were saved from death that dreadful night. It was a mother's faith against a flood. And it won.



STORY
2

If there was one thing more than another that Brenda wanted for her birthday, it was a pair of roller skates. How she coaxed and coaxed for them! How she promised to be as good as gold for the next ten years without a break if only mother or father would give her a pair!

In vain mother explained that Brenda might not learn to use them as easily as other children, that she might fall many times and perhaps hurt herself before she could skate properly. Brenda wanted skates and refused to be put off.

She thought about skates all day and dreamed about skates all night. She pictured herself skating to school and home again, skating to the stores for mother, and skating all over the garden, of course. Would her birthday never come?

It came at last, and with it the precious parcel for which she had longed. Somehow, even before she opened it, she guessed there were skates inside. And



EWING GALLOWAY

Down She Went With a Bump!

there were. Beautiful new shiny skates. Just her size, too. What bliss! Brenda felt she had never been so happy in all her life.

And now to practice with them. Scarcely was breakfast over before she was out on the smooth concrete in front of the garage, strapping on the skates. "At last," she thought, "I am going to skate!"

Eagerly she stood up. But it was only for a moment. Suddenly, to her great surprise, away went both her feet from under her. Down she went.

Bang!

"Mother!" she cried. "That hurt."

But mother was indoors and did not notice. So Brenda stood up again. But hardly had she put one foot forward, than the other, for some reason, started running backward, and down she went again, this time on her face.

Bang!

It really hurt, and Brenda felt very much like crying. Slowly she got up once more and started to walk. But before she knew what was happening, bang! She was sitting on the concrete again.

Somehow she just couldn't do it. Up she got and down she went. It was a case of bump, bump, bump, and bang, bang, bang, until certain parts of her were quite sore. And she was utterly discouraged. All her hopes of skating to school and to town like the other girls faded away.

As she sat on the concrete again, tears filled her eyes. She was so disappointed. She even began to wish

she had never asked for skates for her birthday. Why hadn't she asked for a new doll instead? or a new baby carriage? She wouldn't have got hurt then.

"Horrid old skates!" she cried, unstrapping them from her feet and throwing them inside the back door with a loud clatter.

"What's the matter?" called mother. "Tired of skating already?"

"No," said Brenda crossly. "But I can't skate. I've fallen down so often I'm sore all over."

"But don't give up yet," said mother. "You haven't started to learn. You must keep on trying till you succeed."

"Trying!" cried Brenda. "I've tried all I'm going to. I tell you, Mother, I'm sore. Sore! And I wish I had never asked for skates."

"Oh, tut, tut!" said mother. "You are giving up too easily."

"So would you," said Brenda, "if you had fallen on the same place as many times as I have this morning."

"But, Brenda," said mother, "you are not going to let the other girls beat you, are you?"

"I don't care," said Brenda. "I can't skate. I just can't. So there!"

"You mustn't say 'can't,' " said mother. "You can. But while skating comes easily to some, it is very hard for others. Why, I don't know. Once I saw two children get skates for the first time. One put them on and sailed away just as if she had skated all her life. The other fell all over the place. But she tried and tried and

tried again, until now she can skate as well as anybody else."

"Do you really think I could do it, too, if I tried?" asked Brenda.

"Of course," said mother. "And I'll come and help you."

"Now?"

"Yes, now," said mother.

So on went the skates once more, and down went Brenda on the same sore spot. But she got up again at once and, leaning on mother, went carefully forward.

Slowly, gradually, she got the idea of how to do it, how to balance herself, how to swing her weight gently, easily, this way and that.

Now and then, when all seemed to go wrong again and she was sprawled all over the concrete, she wanted to give up and throw her skates away, but mother would not hear of it.

"You must never even think you can't do it," she said. "Just keep on trying, trying, trying, no matter how many times you fall. It's just like learning to do any difficult task in life. Never give up. Keep trying till you win."

So Brenda tried and tried again. Several days later she was skating round the concrete all by herself. Soon she was out on the sidewalk with the other girls, skating to school. By trying and trying and "sticking it out" she made her dream come true.



FOX PHOTOS

Quickly She Put on Her Apron, Found the Cookbook, and Turned to the Recipe She Liked Best



STORY

3

I wish you would let me make a cake all by myself one day," said Catherine.

"Someday," said mother, "when you are just a little older."

"But why can't I do it now?"

"Because there are so many things that might go wrong, and we can't afford to risk spoiling all the good things that go into it."

"But I know I can do it all by myself," insisted Catherine. "Couldn't I make a cake for my birthday party?"

"You may make one, dear," said mother, "but not all by yourself. I must be with you and see that you do everything right."

"But that's just what I don't want you to do," said Catherine. "I don't like people telling me what to do."

"Maybe not," said mother, "but there is such a thing as being too independent. That's when things go wrong."

"Then I can't make my own cake all by myself?"

"Not this time, dear."

Now you would think that this would have settled the matter. But not with Catherine. In her heart she was determined that she would make her own cake, for she was sure that she knew exactly what to do. Had she not watched mother make cakes times without number? Had she not done almost everything herself already? Of course she could make her own cake without any trouble at all.

So she kept on pleading and teasing until at last mother said: "Very well, Catherine, if you must make your own cake, make it, and I'll keep out of the way. You can do it all by yourself, but don't blame me if anything goes wrong. Just remember, though, that, good or bad, you and your friends will have to eat it at the party. I won't make another one."

Catherine was delighted. She had won! Now her dream was to come true. She would make a cake all by herself.

Quickly she put on her apron, found the cookbook, and turned to the recipe that she liked best. Carefully she weighed out the flour, the butter, the sugar, the raisins, just as she had seen mother do so often. One by one she put them into the basin and began to mix them. She remembered that mother had said that everything should be mixed very thoroughly. So she mixed and mixed, using the right number of eggs and a little milk. How delicious it all smelled! How beautiful it all looked! She was sure that she had done

everything right and that the cake would be a great success.

Then she found the right size cake tin, greased it well and lined it with paper, just as mother always did. Then she poured the mixture into the cake tin, with the aid of a big wooden spoon. So far, so good. Now for the baking.

She had turned on the gas in the oven when she started to prepare the cake, and it was now quite hot. But was it too hot or not hot enough? That worried her. She knew that it was most important that the heat should be just right, but how could she tell? Oh dear, she hadn't thought about that. Perhaps she had better ask mother, just so there would be no mistake.

"Mother!"

But there was no answer.

"Mother! What heat should the oven be when I put the cake in?"

No answer. Mother had gone out! Catherine had to decide for herself.

In went the cake. But Catherine was troubled by the blast of heat that hit her face as she opened the door. Surely it was too hot. Was it? or not? How terrible not to know! Perhaps, after all that she had done right so far, the cake would be burned.

Catherine couldn't rest. What was happening in the oven? She opened the door and looked in, pulling the cake toward her so she could see it better. It was starting to rise and seemed to be all right. She was so pleased that she closed the door with a bang.

A little later she began to worry again. Was the cake baking properly? Had the oven got too hot? She decided to have another look.

There it was, browning nicely, but just about the size it had been before. It hadn't risen any more. Not even a little bit.

Catherine closed the door again. She was really worried now. What could be the matter? She knew enough about making cakes to know that if it didn't rise properly at first it wouldn't rise later and then, oh dear, it would just come out hard as a rock.

She waited and waited, watching the clock so as to be sure to give the cake just the right time that the cookbook said. Every now and then she would open the oven door and peep in, but it was just the same size, only a little browner each time. How she wished mother would come back! Maybe she would suggest something to do before it was too late. But she didn't come. Somehow mother knew exactly how long it takes to bake a cake. She stayed away until it was just time to take it out of the oven. Then the kitchen door opened and in she came.

"How's the cake, Catherine?" she asked.

Catherine said nothing. At that very moment she was lifting the cake out of the oven, hoping that mother would never see it. Something had gone wrong, but what that something was she couldn't tell.

"Rather flat, isn't it, dear?" said mother.

Still Catherine said nothing, but there were tears in her eyes now.

"What did I do wrong?" she said at last.

"How should I know?" said mother. "I wasn't here to see. But I can make a pretty good guess."

"What is it then?"

"It seems to have been mixed all right, but it didn't rise properly. Could it be that you moved it while it was rising? Or maybe you banged the door at the wrong time?"

Catherine remembered all too well. "I suppose I did," she said ruefully.

"Well, won't it be nice to have this at your party!" said mother.

"Oh, no, no!" cried Catherine. "We couldn't have this. You'll have to make another one."

"Impossible," said mother. "You wanted to make it all by yourself and I let you, on condition that you use it at the party, good or bad. Of course you must stand by the bargain."

There was nothing else to do. It was either this cake or no cake at all. So when her little friends came to the party, Catherine brought her cake to the table. Believe me, they nearly had to send for an ax to cut it. It was just that hard.

Of course the other little girls had a lot of fun over it and teased Catherine terribly about her cakemaking. She tried to be brave, and said that it was all her fault. But inside herself she said she never would try to do things "all by herself" again when mother advised her not to.



H. M. LAMBERT

Dum, Dum, Dummety-Dum. Again and Again He Worked Over the Difficult Parts.
Outside It Was a Lovely Afternoon



STORY
4

Tom's greatest ambition in life at the moment was to play a piano solo at the next school concert. He had never played before in public, and he thought it would be a wonderful thing to do. He pictured himself dressed up in his best suit, with everybody looking at him and clapping wildly when he finished his piece.

The whole picture thrilled him. What a night it would be!

But in the meantime there was this practicing. Oh, how he hated practicing! If only he could play the piano without practicing!

Over and over, over and over, he played his special piece. Then he did some scales. Up and down, up and down.

Then he went back to his piece. There were some rough places, many of them, that had to be improved. He played them, over and over, over and over.

At last Tom looked at the clock. Just four-thirty.

He had been practicing for only half an hour—and it seemed like hours and hours. Outside it was a lovely afternoon. Other boys were playing in the sunshine and having a glorious time. Oh, why did he have to do all this old practicing!

Dum, dum, dum, dummety dum. Again and again he worked over the difficult parts. Then, Bang! Tom brought his two fists down on the keys; then he slammed the lid of the piano.

"I won't practice any more!" he cried, jumping up and hurrying out of the room. Unfortunately, the big bang brought mother running in from the kitchen to see what was the matter. The two met in the doorway.

"Hello, what's happened?" cried mother. "Not giving up so soon?"

"I'm not going to practice any longer," said Tom. "I'm going out to play."

"But you have been at the piano barely half an hour."

"I know," said Tom, "and it's too long. I've told you before, Mother, I hate practicing."

"But the concert," said mother. "I thought you wanted to play that piece of yours then."

"That's all right," said Tom. "It's good enough. I don't need to practice it any more."

"But it isn't good enough unless it is perfect," said mother. "It will take lots of work yet."

"Oh dear," said Tom, looking longingly out of the window at the other boys, "why did anybody invent pianos!"

"I don't know," said mother, "but I do know that if my boy is going to play in public, I want him to play beautifully, as perfectly as it is possible for him to play. No one should do less than his best when people take the trouble to come to listen. And that means practice—endless practice."

"I suppose so," said Tom.

"Did you know," said mother, "that the greatest pianist in the world practices eight hours a day?"

"Eight hours a day!" exclaimed Tom. "Ugh!"

"Yes," said mother, "and he once remarked to a friend, 'If I ceased to practice for just one day, I myself would be aware of it; if I ceased to practice for two days, my best friends would be aware of it; but if I ceased to practice for three days, the whole world would know it.'"

"Oh dear," sighed Tom, "I suppose there's no other way."

"No, dear," said mother, "there is no other way to success. If you hope someday to become a great player you will have to pay the price. You will have to work at it as that great pianist did—and as he does still. After all, the mark of a genius is not long hair or a strange name, but care for detail—making every little part of what you do as perfect as it is possible for it to be. And that means doing it over and over again until it is right."

"I suppose so," said Tom again.

"I once read of a famous author," said mother, "who wrote more than two hundred stories before he sold the

first one. A famous clown once said that he broke hundreds of plates before he perfected his plate-throwing act for the circus. A great eye surgeon told how he spoiled a bucketful of eyes before he performed his first successful operation. So you see, Tom, the people who succeed have to practice and practice and practice."

"Sounds like try, try again," said Tom.

"That's it," said mother. "You have it!"

Tom turned his back on the window and returned to the piano.

Soon a familiar sound was filling the house.

Dum, dum, dum, dummety dum.

Tom was paying the price.

And when the concert came at last, and Tom played his piece with a single mistake, and the people clapped and cheered and called for him to play it all over again, nobody was happier than he. That is, nobody except mother, who was so pleased and excited she nearly slipped off her seat.

"Success," she said as they drove home together that night, "is always worth the struggle to achieve it."

"Seest thou a man diligent in his business?" said the wise man of olden times; "he shall stand before kings." Proverbs 22:29.





"Is There Anything the Matter Here?" Said John "Bore Won't Budge"

HARRY ANDERSON, ARTIST



Some time ago poor John met with a great misfortune. He was in school at the time, working in the chemistry lab. Just what went wrong, I don't know, but suddenly the mixture he was working with blew up and blinded him.

For a few weeks after the accident his father and mother hoped that his sight might come back again later. But, alas, it was not to be. The doctors did their best, but it was to no avail. When at last John came out of the hospital, they knew he would be blind for life.

Poor John! How sad he must have been! No doubt he wondered what he would do and how he would get around. He was afraid his studies would have to go. But no. He learned to read with his fingers! So everything wasn't lost, after all. Courage came back, and he decided to finish his schoolwork and go to college just like other boys.

To help him get about, his father bought him one of the Seeing Eye dogs. These are wonderful dogs,

specially trained to help blind people. They will lead them where they want to go and keep them out of danger.

John's dog was called Bozo. They soon became fast friends, going everywhere together, of course.

One winter day not long ago, John and Bozo set out for school, Bozo leading the way and John holding the leash. They had gone this way so many times before that John sometimes thought he could walk it safely without Bozo, he knew it so well. It was therefore with some surprise that he felt the leash slacken, as Bozo stopped still.

"Come on, Bozo," he said kindly. "What's the matter, old dog? We mustn't stop here. We'll be late for class."

But Bozo refused to budge.

"Come along now, Bozo," pleaded John. "Please, Bozo, there's a good dog. Let's go."

Still Bozo remained quite still. Nothing would persuade him to move.

At this moment John heard footsteps approaching, and guessed that some of the other boys were on their way to school, too.

"Is there anything the matter here?" he called. "Bozo won't budge. He seems to have decided to stay here for the day."

"You'll never guess why," said one of the boys.

"No. What is it?" asked John.

"Well," said the boy, "on the roof of the building right ahead of you there is a large mass of snow and ice

about ready to fall. Someone has roped off the pathway so people can't go under it. Bozo must have sensed danger and decided not to take you any farther."

Not until the boys showed John a new and safer path did Bozo get up to go.

"Good dog!" said John, patting Bozo's head. "I might have known you were right all along."



COURTESY, LIBRARY OF CONGRESS. DEPT. FOR THE BLIND

Seeing-Eye Dogs and Their Blind Masters Being Trained to Work Together



STORY

6

There's a text in the Bible which says, "Be sure your sin will find you out." Numbers 32:23. How very true it is! You may try to cover up some wrong you have done, but sooner or later it will come to light. Sometimes in a few hours, sometimes in a few weeks, sometimes in a few years. And the longer it takes, the worse you will feel when it happens.

Betsy told me how it happened to her. When she was quite a little girl, a house was being built on a vacant lot opposite where she lived. How she loved to watch it grow! First the basement, then the walls, then the rafters, then the roof. How exciting it all was! She liked to imagine it was being built for her.

But, alas, she was not allowed to go near it. She could look at it, but she must not go inside. Mother was afraid she might trip over something and hurt herself, or maybe fall into the basement.

"Betsy," she had said many times, "you are not to go in that house while it is being built."

But other boys and girls went in. They had a good time there, climbing up the ladders and scrambling over the joists when all the workmen had gone. Only little Betsy had to stand on the roadside and watch.

One day, when mother had gone downtown shopping, Betsy felt she couldn't resist the temptation any longer. Looking round to make sure that mother wasn't anywhere near, she ran across the road and dashed inside the house.

Quite a number of children were there, and what wonderful fun they had together!

Then, as she was clambering across one of the joists, she felt something stick in her leg. How it hurt! She looked down, and there was a big splinter at least three inches long. She tried to pull it out but couldn't. It hurt too much.

Having worked her way to the end of the joist, she sat down and tried again to get the splinter out. But it was in very deep, and she didn't have courage to pull it hard enough. Then it broke off, and all that was left showing was the little black end of it.

"What shall I do now?" said Betsy to herself. "It hurts so I'll have to run and tell mother."

Then she remembered. Of course, she couldn't tell mother, for mother would want to know where she had been to get such a splinter in her leg. Then the truth about her disobedience would come out.

"Oh dear!" she cried. "I wish I'd never gone into that house."

Afraid of the consequences of telling the truth, she

decided to bear the pain and say nothing about it. It was hard at first, but as the days slipped by the pain gradually eased and Betsy at last forgot all about it.

But the splinter, like the sin, was still there.

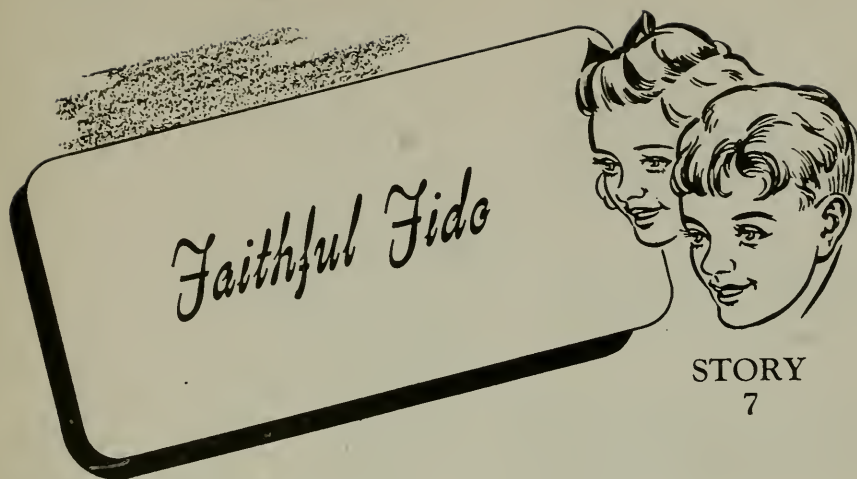
A year passed. Two years. Three, four, five, yes, ten years passed. Betsy was now a girl of fifteen. One day she felt a little run down in health and wondered what could be the matter. Then she noticed something wrong with her leg. Exactly where that splinter had gone in ten years before was an ugly red mark. The very same spot was hurting again! That old splinter was festering after being hidden in there for ten years!

This time there was nothing else to do but tell mother, for this was serious. Betsy thought it was a good time to tell everything and confess the wrong she had done as a little girl. She did so. And when she found how sweet and forgiving mother was about it all, she wished she had told her long ago.

Imagine keeping that ugly old splinter in her leg for ten long years when she might have had it out right then and there!

No, boys and girls, it never pays to hide sin. Sooner or later it festers and makes more trouble than you can imagine. If you do something wrong, confess it right away. Get the splinters out when they go in!

And remember that, though the Bible says, "Be sure your sin will find you out," it also says—and how beautiful is the promise—"If we confess our sins, He is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness." 1 John 1:9.



That story about Bozo reminds me of another dog story I was told the other day which I know you will love to hear. It's about a little fox terrier. I don't know his real name, but because he was so very faithful I shall call him Fido.

Away up in the mountains of California two old prospectors were looking for gold. Though their cabins were far apart, and they met only once a week—when George went to town on horseback for supplies—they counted themselves good friends and were always glad to help each other when they could.

One day as George rode by Tom's cabin, he called to see whether his friend wanted anything from town. But there was no reply to his knock. Usually Tom would come out for a chat and give his friend a list of things he needed. But this time no Tom appeared.

Strange, thought George. What could have happened to him? He looked around the cabin, but there was no sound or sign of his friend. He was about to



H. A. ROBERTS

Fortunate Is the Boy With a Faithful Dog

leave and continue his journey when he noticed a movement in the low scrub that bordered a trail running up the mountainside. A moment later Fido came bounding up.

George jumped from his horse to pet the little dog, and saw a piece of paper in his mouth. It was a note from his old friend Tom, and it said, "I've fallen and broken my leg. Follow the dog. He will lead you to me."

"Good Fido!" he said. "Where is he? Where's Tom? Where's your master?"

Fido jumped about, giving short, sharp barks. Then he ran off toward the trail. George guessed that this must be the way. Sure enough, as soon as he turned his horse in that direction, Fido ran on ahead, still barking, as if to say, "That's right. This way. Hurry up." George hurried, but it took him some time to reach the lonely spot where his friend was lying.

At last, round a corner of the trail, he found him. Poor Tom was cold and thirsty and in great pain from his badly swollen leg. Two days and nights had gone by since the accident, during which he had had nothing to eat or drink. His one hope of rescue had lain in the thought that Fido would meet his friend as he passed the cabin on his weekly visit to town.

George tore off his shirt and used part of it for a bandage. Then he gathered some sticks, and tied them together to make a rough sled. On this he placed Tom, dragging it as gently as he could down the rough mountain trail.

All the way to town faithful Fido trotted beside his master, never leaving him for a moment.

At last, after several hours, they reached a hospital. Tom was taken inside. Of course Fido wanted to go in, too, but that wasn't allowed. He fussed and fretted, but it was no use. Finally George had to pick him up and carry him back to his own cabin in the mountains.

Poor Fido! How he grieved for his master! Indeed, he acted as if he thought his master were dead. He refused all food and would do nothing but lie in a corner of the cabin and whine. Nothing George tried to do for him made any difference. He just moped, getting thinner and thinner every day.

George began to fear lest the dog die of grief before his master should get better from his broken leg. What could he do?

The next time he visited Tom in the hospital he told him what had happened to Fido. Tom had an idea.

"He thinks I am dead," he said, "and somehow I must let him know that I am still alive. Bring me a sandwich."

"A sandwich!" said George in surprise. "What for?"

"You'll see. I think it will work," said Tom.

George brought the sandwich to Tom as he lay there in bed. Tom then wiped his hand all over it, this way and that.

"Now, George," he said, "try that. Take it to Fido and see what he does with it."

George smiled and put the sandwich in his pocket.

Arriving back at his cabin in the mountains, he went in to take a look at poor Fido. There he was in the corner, looking as if all joy had gone out of his little doggie life forever.

"Take a smell of this," said George, pulling the sandwich out of his pocket.

Fido looked around. Then, suddenly, he caught a familiar smell. Leaping to his feet, he nosed around the sandwich, turning it over and over. Then he proceeded to eat it with great gusto. It was the first food he had had for days. From that moment he was better, eating his food as usual and soon regaining his old strength. His master was alive after all! He would come back! He knew. He had smelled him!

Faithful old Fido! What a dog to own!



Oh, come on, Mother!" said Dickie. "If you won't let me have a whole box of matches, just let me have one or two."

"No," said mother firmly. "Matches were not made to be played with. They are much too dangerous."

"It's quite safe," said Dickie, in a scornful tone of voice. "Aw, Mother, I only want to light a little bonfire out in the garden. It won't do any harm. How can it? There's nothing in the way. Nothing to burn. Come on; let a fellow have a match."

"No," said mother, a little more firmly than before "You are having no matches today, Dickie. Understand that. Don't you know that we've had no rain here for weeks? Everything is as dry as tinder. Just one spark will set the whole place afire."

"No, it wouldn't," persisted Dickie. "Not where I want to light my bonfire."

"I'm sorry," said mother. "I can't help it. There is going to be no bonfire lighted around here until after

the next spell of wet weather. It isn't safe, Dickie. Be sensible."

"Ah-haw," snorted Dickie, bolting out of the kitchen and mumbling under his breath about its being "quite safe anyway."

Outside he wandered around the garden, looking for something else to do. Every now and then he would go and look at the pile of dry sticks and old wood he had gathered for his precious bonfire. Every time he saw it he felt angry that he wasn't allowed to light it.

By and by mother came to the back door and called to him.

"I'm going to town for a little while, Dickie," she said. "Look after sister for me till I get back. There's a good boy."

After mother had gone, Mary came out to play with Dickie, whom she adored. She soon noticed that he wasn't feeling very happy.

"What's the matter, Dickie?" she asked. "You look very sad."

"Aw, nothing," he said. "Only I wanted to light my bonfire this afternoon, but I don't have any matches."

"I can get you some," she offered. "I know where mother keeps them."

"But mother said I wasn't to——" began Dickie.

"But she never said anything to me about it," said Mary. "She wouldn't mind if I got them, I know."

Dickie, of course, should have told Mary the whole story, but he didn't. He let her fetch the matches.

That was his first mistake. The second was when he lighted one of the matches and put it to his pile of wood.

"It's quite safe, anyway," he said to himself, trying to quiet his conscience. "We'll just have fun for a little while, and then the fire will be out. It will be all over long before mother comes back."

It was; but not as he expected.

In normal times it would have been quite safe to light a bonfire where Dickie had made this one; but mother was right; after so long a dry spell a fire anywhere was dangerous.

As the match touched the twigs, sticks, and old wood that Dickie had gathered, they roared into a blaze, just as though someone had covered them with gasoline. Dickie and Mary moved away from the heat and looked on with wonder and delight.

Dickie was just saying to himself again, "Of course it's quite safe," when he noticed that a piece of half-burned paper, which had been flung into the air by the fierceness of the fire, was dropping some distance away in a patch of long, dry grass. He ran over to stamp it out but was too late. In an instant the grass was alight, and the flames seemed to leap yards every second.

"What shall we do?" cried Mary, as she tried to put out the blaze with her little feet.

"Don't worry," said Dickie, trying to look calm. "It will burn itself out. It's safe out here. It won't hurt anything."

But even as he spoke he was feeling very sick inside;

for he knew that, while he might have covered up the ashes of the bonfire, he could never hide this great patch of blackness from his mother.

But still worse was to happen. A gentle breeze blew across the garden. The flames leaped to meet it, then turned in a new direction.

"Oh, look!" cried Mary. "The fire is going toward the chicken shed! Mother's hens are in there, and all the baby chicks! Hurry, Dickie, quick, quick! Get them out before they're all burned up."

Dickie ran, but again he was too late. Already the flames had reached the door of the chicken shed and were leaping up so high, so hungrily, that he didn't dare go near them.

"Mother's baby chicks!" screamed Mary in terror. "They'll all be burned!"

Dickie was frightened now. From inside the doomed chicken house came the most dreadful noises as the poor birds squawked their fear and flew madly against the door and windows.

Mary and Dickie simply stood looking at the fire, crying. There was nothing else they could do. The chicken house, bone dry and with a tarred roof, flared like a torch for three or four minutes. Then it collapsed in a pile of burning embers. Mother's chickens were all dead.

Mary, weeping bitterly, went into the house. Dickie, pale as a ghost and sick at heart, found a dark hole in the basement and hid there.

What would mother say? he thought, as he waited

there all alone. What would father do? How he wished he had not been so disobedient.

Tears were running down his cheeks now. He had never meant to do this. He wouldn't have killed mother's chickens for anything. Mother had been right after all. It hadn't been safe to light that fire. Oh dear! What could he do?

Still crying, he fell asleep.

When he awoke he looked up to see both mother and father looking down at him. They had been searching for him ever since they came back from town and found all the damage he had done. They both looked very sad. But somehow they seemed to know from the look on Dickie's face that he had learned his lesson.

He had. He didn't need to be punished any more. He told them both he would never disobey them again or question their good judgment. And he kept his word.



ROBERTS

What Fun It Is to Give Sister a Ride on the Pony!





STORY

9

There was no particular reason for calling him Red, except that he had red hair. And it wasn't red either, but a warm orange tinge. If they had been going by color they should have called him Orange, but they didn't.

But more important than his name was his character. He was the most careless boy in the neighborhood. You could never be sure of him. You could never really trust him. You could never say to him, "Red, please do this job for me," and know that it would be done; for most likely it wouldn't get done. In the middle of it Red would have another idea and off he would go.

I don't mean that he was dishonest. Oh dear, no. Not that. He wouldn't think of stealing or of doing anything really bad. He was merely happy-go-lucky, doing just as he pleased, without stopping to think about his duty to others.

One day his dad was busy at some carpentry job in the garage when he found he needed a number of

things from the hardware store. He thought of Red.

"Red!" he called, "I want you."

"What is it now?" said Red, slouching into the garage with his hands in his pockets.

"Red, I need some three-inch nails, a pair of brass hinges, two dozen one-inch screws, a quart of black paint, and a small paintbrush. Get your bicycle and hurry downtown for me. See how quickly you can get back."

"Oh," groaned Red. "Do I have to go downtown again? I wanted to go and play with the boys. They're just starting a ball game, and I'll miss it."

"Hurry up, then," said dad. "It won't take you half an hour to do this for me. Go straight there and back."

Looking very glum, Red started off. He reached the store all right, but couldn't remember all the things he had been asked to buy; his mind had been on the game. Finally he got back home.

"Here are your things," he said, laying the package on the bench.

"But where are the hinges?" asked dad.

"Didn't have any."

"Oh, I wanted them so very much," said dad.

"Didn't you try another store?"

"No. You didn't tell me to."

"But, Red, why didn't you try another store without my telling you to? And where is the paint?"

"Oh, I forgot the paint."

"Forgot it!" exclaimed dad. "O Red, when will

you remember? When will you get some sense of responsibility?"

"Some what?" asked Red.

"Some sense of responsibility."

"What's that?" asked Red.

"That," said dad, "is a sense of duty to do a job well; it means doing what you are asked to do the best you know how, simply because it is your job."

"I don't see that it matters," said Red.

"Matters!" said dad. "Why, Red. It matters far more than you imagine. Every time you are asked to do a job, whether it's running an errand for me or working in the garden or on the farm, your whole future is at stake. As a result of your attitude toward the job, your character will grow stronger or weaker.

"If you take the job given you and put your whole heart into it, doing the best you can because your honor is involved, because that job is going to be stamped with your name, then the day will come when you will be given a better job, a bigger job. People will trust you. They will say, 'That boy will take a job and do it well without somebody's having to watch him all the time. That boy has a sense of responsibility.'"

Red listened in silence. He was thinking. He had never really seen things this way before.

"You mean people don't trust me?" he said.

"How can they?" said dad. "Even I can't. I don't remember when you ever finished anything properly. And, Red, if only you could understand it, the world's greatest need today is for people with a sense of respon-

sibility. Most folks are taking the easy way, 'passing the buck' to someone else, slipping out of jobs they know they ought to do, leaving work half done so they can go and enjoy themselves. It's getting harder and harder to find people who will do a thorough piece of work because they love it; who will do a job right because in their bones they feel it must be right. I had so hoped you would become a man like that."

"I think I'll go to town again," said Red.

"But I thought you were in a hurry to get to that ball game?" said dad.

"I was," said Red, "but that can wait. I have to get those hinges and the paint first."

With that he was off, his bicycle skimming over the road as it hadn't done in a long time. All the way to town he thought about what dad had said. And that is how it came about that Red the careless, Red the unreliable, Red the happy-go-lucky, became at last Red the responsible.



In case you may doubt whether this story is true, I want to tell you right here and now that it actually happened just as it reads. It really did! Billy told me himself, and he ought to know.

One summer he and his mother went to visit his uncle, who had a very beautiful home by the sea. Around the garden was an old brick wall, which made a sort of courtyard where Billy loved to play. There, all to himself, were trees and shrubs and flowers and birds and—bees.

It was the bees that especially interested Billy. To be quite exact, it was one bee in particular that really gripped his attention.

This bee was flying in and out of a hole in that old garden wall. Out of the hole it would come, then fly from flower to flower, then pop! in it would go and disappear, coming out in a little while to start all over again.

Billy sat down to watch it.

"Why does that bee go into that hole?" he asked himself. "Surely there can't be a hive in the middle of that old wall. If not, where does it go, and why?"

Billy watched. The bee flew in and out and in again. Billy could not make it out.

"I'm going to look," he said to himself.

So saying, he went over to the wall, put his eye against the hole, and looked.

"Ouch!" he cried. "Ouch! Oh, my eye! My eye! The bee has stung my eye!"

Mother came running out of the house to see what all the noise was about, and she soon understood.

"Poor Billy!" she said. "What a bad place to be stung! Come indoors and I'll put the blue Dolly Dye on it."

They both went indoors, and soon Billy came out with one eye all covered with blue, and rapidly swelling. "Keep away from those bees now," called mother, "or you may get stung again."

"Yes, Mother," said Billy tearfully, "I will."

The eye was very painful, but not painful enough to make Billy forget that bee.

Just why was it going in and out of that hole in the wall? He wanted to know.

Again Billy watched and waited, but the mystery remained.

"Now that he has stung me," said Billy to himself, "he will think that I won't come back. So it should be all right to look again."

He went over toward the hole in the wall, but he

couldn't get the swollen eye anywhere near it. So he peeped in with the other eye.

Bang! There it was again.

"Ouch!" cried Billy. "Oh, my eye! A bee has stung my other eye. Oh, oh, oh!"

Mother came rushing out once more.

"Have you been near those bees again?" she said. "I told you not to play with them. Come indoors. I'll have to put the blue stuff on both eyes now."

She did, and Billy was a comical sight, with both eyes swollen so that he could hardly see out of them, and both covered with blue.

"Now mind," said mother. "I won't tell you again. Keep away from those bees, or you will have trouble somewhere else besides your eyes. Now mind. I've told you."

"I'll be careful," said Billy. And he was, for several minutes. But he was still curious about that bee. Why did it go in and out of that hole?

Suddenly he had a bright idea. Perhaps the hole went right through the wall! Perhaps the bee was using it as a short cut. Perhaps—— Oh, of course, he must go and see.

So he went to see. Opening the gate of the courtyard, he made his way to the other side of the wall where he felt sure the hole must be if it went right through.

Yes, surely, there it was! Just as he had thought. It did go through—right through the big old wall! It wasn't a very large hole, but just big enough for a bee to get through.

How wonderful! Of course he must look through the hole to make quite sure.

But with which eye should he look? Both eyelids were so swollen he could hardly see at all. But he *must* look. So he chose the eye that seemed more open than the other, and tried to peer in through the hole.

Bang!

Once more a bee had stung him.

"Ouch! Ow! Oh!" screamed Billy, for this time it hurt worse than ever.

He ran back through the gate just in time to see mother running out of the house.

"So you have done it again," she said, leading him indoors. "You are a very naughty boy, Billy. I shall have to keep my promise and put some blue on you somewhere else." And she did. Plenty of it. Only it was a different sort of blue this time. "Black and blue," as we sometimes say. Of course it wasn't quite as bad as that, but it was certainly very effective. Billy told me that he never went near the bees again. What is more, after that he always had much more respect for his mother's good advice.



A touch is such a little thing, so gentle and tender that you can hardly imagine one being felt around the world. Yet it is possible.

Just think of a radioman on board ship. If he needs to send out an SOS in a moment of danger, all he has to do is touch a little key and the message leaps over thousands of miles to other ships or lands afar.

Or you yourself can pick up a telephone receiver—it's only a touch, isn't it?—and you can speak to friends in countries on the other side of the earth.

If you wish, you can touch a little button on the wall and light your home. With the same touch, if the wires were connected right, you could light your neighbor's home, too, or the whole city, or the whole country, or the whole world! Just a touch would do it.

Yet it is not about such a touch that I want to tell you now, but another touch, quite different. It is the touch of a hand on a boy!

Not quite a hundred years ago there lived in Boston

a lad who was a clerk in his uncle's shoe store. Nobody gave much thought to him. He was merely a good boy growing up in the business. People thought that maybe someday he might take over the store from his uncle. The best they saw in him was a good salesman for shoes.

Then one day a man by the name of Edward Kimball entered that shoe store and began talking to the lad in the little back room. He told him about the love of Jesus, and how Jesus longed for his love in return. Then Edward Kimball put his hand on the lad's shoulder and asked him to give his heart to the Lord.

The lad was thrilled by the gentle touch and the kindly words. He gave his heart to Jesus there and then.

That was the great moment when Dwight L. Moody was converted.

At the age of nineteen Moody went to Chicago, where, two years later, he rented a vacant saloon and started working for the poor children of that city. He would go out himself and gather them into his meetings, telling them all about the Saviour he had come to love so much himself. In those days he wasn't much of a preacher, but he started services for the parents of these poor children, winning hundreds of them to Christ.

Moody's work grew ever larger and larger. People came by thousands to listen to him. He traveled all over America, then went to England and preached to great congregations there. It is said of him that he "recruited more men for the kingdom of God than any other man in the Christian Era. His whole object in

life was to get men and women to serve their God with all their heart, mind, soul, and strength. From his own mighty fervor he kindled fires that still blaze in the hearts of men." He it was who led Wilfred T. Grenfell to begin his great work in Labrador, with all its wonderful results.

Moody built large schools which have given thousands of boys and girls a Christian education. He inspired the building of great numbers of churches and missions in many countries. Today his memory is revered all over the world. People still speak of him as one of the greatest evangelists who ever preached the kingdom of God.

And all because of the touch of a kindly hand on a boy's shoulder.

That indeed was a touch felt round the world!

Perhaps you could touch someone else like this someday. Just a word spoken about Jesus, or a kindly deed, or a sweet smile, or a little tract given with grace and friendliness. It will never be forgotten, and who can tell how much good it may do? It will be like a pebble falling into a lake, sending ripples on and on to the farthest shore.



In Rolly's Home They Always Said Grace Before Meals, Asking the Lord to Bless the Food



Rolly had been invited to Teddy Egan's home for dinner, and was he glad to go! It was the biggest thing that had happened in his life so far.

Rolly's mother was as excited about it as Rolly himself. She kept telling him what to do and what not to do, so that Teddy's father and mother would see what a fine little Christian gentleman he was.

For several days it was "Rolly, mind you do this" and "Rolly, be sure not to do that," until Rolly began to get quite muddled as to just what he should and shouldn't do.

One thing that mother made very plain was that he was not to speak unless someone spoke to him; another was that he should always say "Please" and "Thank you" at the right time. Then, of course, he must not talk with his mouth full. But the most important thing, mother said, was that he was not to start eating until grace had been said and the others had begun to eat.

At last the great day came. Rolly, dressed in his

very best suit, complete with highly polished shoes and a haircut, arrived at Teddy Egan's home. Teddy's mother met him at the door and gave him a very friendly welcome.

Soon they went into the dining room. What a sight met Rolly's excited gaze! He had never seen such a spread in all his life. The table was loaded with delicious food, while at each place were gilt-edged plates and bright silver knives and forks. Rolly began to wonder whether he had been invited to a king's palace, it was all so very wonderful. He felt sure that he was going to have the grandest meal he had ever eaten, and he made up his mind that he would have to be on his very best behavior. Then Mr. Egan came in and they all took their places around the table.

Now it so happened that there was one important difference between Rolly's home and Teddy's. Rolly's was a Christian home, where they had family prayers, and where every meal began with the saying of grace. But in Teddy's it was quite different. Nobody ever prayed there, and certainly nobody ever said grace at meals. And that's where the trouble came.

The food was quickly passed, and Rolly smiled as he looked at the big helpings that were heaped on his plate. He thought about that Bible story of Benjamin who was given a double portion by his big brother. Rolly had just that.

He was about to start eating when he stopped and laid down his knife and fork. He had suddenly remembered something mother had told him. Then he

looked around the table. Yes, the others had all begun to eat, but they hadn't said grace! Oh dear! he thought, what shall I do?

Not knowing what to do, he just waited.

Soon Mrs. Egan noticed.

"What's the matter?" she said kindly. "Is there something wrong, Rolly? Have we given you something that you don't like?"

"No, thank you," said Rolly, blushing.

"Come along then, set to," said Mr. Egan. "We've all started."

"Yes, sir, please, sir," said Rolly, turning a deeper red, but still not picking up his knife and fork.

"Aren't you feeling quite well?" asked Mrs. Egan in a worried tone of voice.

"Oh, yes, please, thank you," said Rolly. "I'm quite all right, thank you."

Mr. Egan put down his knife and fork.

"Well, what is the matter, son?" he said.

By this time everybody had stopped eating and was looking over at Rolly, who was beginning to wish he had never, never, never come to dinner. Oh, what should he say?

"Come, come," said Mr. Egan, "is it the potatoes or the cabbage or the gravy, or what? We will get something else if you don't like it."

"Oh, please, it's all lovely," said poor Rolly. "It's all perfectly lovely. Only——"

"Only what?" asked Mr. Egan.

"Only it hasn't been blessed," said Rolly, at last

plucking up courage to say what was on his heart. "Jesus hasn't blessed it."

For half a minute there was a silence that could be felt. Mr. Egan looked at Mrs. Egan, and now it was their turn to blush.

Mr. Egan broke the silence.

"Rolly's right," he said. "Good for you, son. Thanks for reminding us. Let's all bow our heads and I'll say grace."

They bowed their heads.

"Dear God," said Mr. Egan, "we thank Thee for this food. Make us truly grateful for it. Bless it to our use. Remember all who are in need. For Jesus' sake, amen."

Another silence followed. This time it was broken by the rattle of a knife and fork on Rolly's plate. Now that the right thing had been done, he was making up for lost time.



STORY
13

How about doing a job for me today?" said father, as David came into the house like a small explosion.

"A job!" said David. "And here I've just got home from school!"

"Oh, well," said father, "of course you must have a rest and something to eat, but after that there's something I want done very much indeed."

"What is it?" asked David warily.

"I'll tell you," said father. "You know the orchard has been pruned, and we must get the sticks picked up and burned before it rains. If we don't, they will lie out there for weeks."

"So you want me to pick them up," said David.

"Exactly," said father. "Just put them in piles and I'll burn them later."

"Not much fun in that," said David, making a face.

"But I will pay you for it," said father. "This is a special job that must be done now, and I might as

well pay you as somebody else. How about a dollar?"

"A dollar!" exclaimed David. "That's wonderful, Dad. When do I start? And when do I get the dollar?"

"You can start this afternoon," said father. "As to the pay, I'll give you that as soon as you have finished. Just come and tell me when you are through and the money will be yours. Only mind, David, I want a perfect job, as usual. You know what that means."

David knew, but he was so happy at the thought of getting a dollar for himself that he dashed into the orchard without another word. But it was tiresome work, and after a while he found his back was aching. Then the idea came to him that he would pick up only the big sticks and leave the little ones. This helped a lot, for he moved from tree to tree much more quickly. In fact, in a much shorter time than he had even dreamed he was indoors again, talking to father.

"I've finished," he said.

"Finished!" said father, very much surprised. "All ready?"

"Yes," said David. "I worked very hard, and it's all done. All the sticks are in piles ready to be burned. Now how about the dollar?"

"All right, son," said father. "Here's the money. I surely am pleased that you helped me, for I am too busy to do the job myself."

David grabbed the two fifty-cent pieces, said, "Thank you," and hurried to the door.

"I say, David," called father. "Just a minute. You

understand, of course, that the money is for a perfect job."

"Of course," said David.

"Money back if not," said father.

"Okay," said David, running out.

As father turned back to his work he began to think about those sticks. How could David have picked them all up so quickly? Surely it wasn't possible, however hard he had worked.

At last father decided to go out to the orchard and see for himself. He went. It was even as he feared. The sticks were not picked up—only the big ones, the easy ones. The rest were strewn all over the place, just as before.

"David! David!" he called.

Presently David, scenting trouble, came slowly round the corner of the house.

"What is it? Anything wrong?" he asked.

"Plenty," said father. "I asked you to pick up the sticks. I meant *all* the sticks. I paid you for doing a good job, and you didn't do it. The job is only half done; so I want half that money back."

Now if there was one thing that David did not like doing, it was parting with money. He didn't mind if other people parted with it, when they gave it to him, but he surely did dislike having to give it up again. That hurt too much.

"Money back!" he said, very much surprised. "You don't mean that you want one of those fifty-cent pieces back?"

"I certainly do," said father. "That's only right. Half a job, half pay."

Sadly David felt in his pocket and took out the money.

"Thank you," said father, taking the fifty cents. "Now, remember, when the job is really finished, you shall have it again."

David slouched away, looking very sorry for himself. But he never forgot the lesson of that day. He picked up the rest of the sticks and got the second fifty cents back, but henceforth he knew that if he wanted full pay he must do a full job.



If you live in a large city, or have visited one, you may remember seeing a man standing on the roadside playing some musical instrument—a violin, perhaps, or a flute, or a “barrel organ.” Usually he has a cap or an old hat beside him to receive the pennies of passers-by who may feel sorry for him. In some cities of Europe you may see as many as a dozen of these street musicians in a row, all playing different instruments and different tunes!

Usually people are kind to these poor players and throw them pennies enough to give them a fair living, especially if they can play popular tunes in a pleasing way. Some of them, however, those who are tired and worn out, have a much more difficult time.

About a hundred years ago one of these poor 'old musicians stood on a street corner in London, scratching away on his cheap violin, hoping that someone would throw a coin or two into his hat. Hour after hour he scraped at the strings, but his playing was so poor that

people seemed to hurry by so as not to hear it. By dinnertime his cap was still empty. And that meant an empty stomach for him and nothing to take home to his sick wife.

Suddenly a stranger stopped beside him.

"A penny for an old musician," said the poor player.

The stranger did not seem to hear. Instead he said, "Lend me your violin a moment."

The old man, surprised, passed over the instrument. The stranger tightened the strings, then drew the bow gracefully across them. New life surged through the old violin. It spoke with a new voice. Beautiful music flowed from it. People stopped to listen. They stood still in wonder. They came closer. They threw pennies into the hat. Lots and lots of pennies. And some threw silver money.

More people came and yet more. They did not pass by as before. They could not. The music held them. Soon a crowd gathered and policemen came hurrying up to see what was the matter. They stopped to listen, too.

Meanwhile the hat was filled. Money overflowed onto the sidewalk, while the poor old player looked on in wonder. Presently he felt his old violin thrust back into his hands. The wonderful music had ceased, and the crowd was opening to let the mysterious stranger pass through.

"Who was playing that lovely music!" people cried, but no one seemed to know. Some stared at the old musician, wondering if, after all, it might have been he.

"No, it was not I," he said, "but the maestro from the opera."

"Ah!" they cried.

And so it was. The master had passed by. The master musician had taken the cheap violin from the feeble hands of the tired old player and made it sing like the harps of heaven.

This is what Jesus can do with human lives—with the lives of boys and girls. Without Him we can do so little worth while. Our best is poor and weak and "scratchy," like that old violin in the hands of the street musician. But in the hands of the Master, how different is everything! Life becomes full of beauty and melody. Tears turn to smiles. Grumbling gives place to cheerfulness. The greedy become unselfish, and everywhere the blessing of the Lord is seen and felt.

Mother wonders what has happened. Father says, "Whatever has come over the children?" Strangers notice it too. They stop to look and listen, and they say, "Look at that fine boy—what a gentleman he is! See that dear girl—what a lady she is! What a sweet influence for good they are at home and school! They must have been with Jesus and learned of Him."

Everybody loves to listen to music like this. They recognize the hand of the Master.



A. S. MAXWELL

This Monument Marks the Spot Where the Haystack Prayer Meeting Took Place



Five Boys in a Haystack

STORY

15

For years there had been a lot of trouble in the school. The boys who did not care anything about religion made fun of those who did, and gave them a very hard time. The bad ones seemed to be on top.

Then there came a change. Some good people in the near-by village began to pray for the boys in the school. They invited some of the nicer ones to their homes and soon they were praying too. They prayed for the other boys, for their school, and for themselves. It was a fine thing to do.

After a while the boys who had started to pray in the village homes began to pray in their rooms at school. They invited others to join them, and soon a revival was on the way.

Instead of talking about sports and races and gambling, these boys began to talk about missions. At that time (1806) news was just coming through of the sending out of the very first missionaries from England to

preach the gospel to heathen people in foreign lands. So they talked of William Carey and his work in India, of the founding of the first foreign missions in that land, and of the birth of the British and Foreign Bible Society in 1804, just two years before.

Twice a week, on Wednesday and Saturday afternoons, a group of these boys would go out under the maple trees in the meadow and chat about all the wonderful things happening in their day. Then they would pray and ask God to help them see what they could do, too.

One Saturday afternoon there were five boys in the meadow. Their names were Samuel, James, Francis, Harvey, and Byron. Suddenly their little meeting was interrupted by signs of an approaching storm. There were flashes of lightning, followed by deafening crashes of thunder. Then rain began to fall, and the five boys dashed to the nearest haystack and pressed close into it for shelter.

Yet though the storm raged around them, they did not forget their meeting. They went on talking about the needs of people in far-off heathen lands. Samuel suggested that they all give their lives to God to help send the light of the gospel to these lands. Then they prayed again.

This meeting came to be known as the famous "haystack prayer meeting" on the grounds of old Williams College in New England in August, 1806.

A stone monument now marks the spot, showing the haystack on one side and a globe on top. I stood

by it not long ago and thanked God for those five dear boys.

The haystack prayer meeting was the beginning of American foreign missions. All five boys became missionaries either in their homeland or abroad. Four years later, as a direct result of this unusual prayer meeting, the United Foreign Missionary Society in America was formed. Other societies followed later. The American Bible Society sprang from it, too.

Who can tell how many people have been blessed since that stormy day—and all because five boys prayed in a haystack and gave their hearts to God!



EWING GALLOWAY

It Is Good to Pray About Every Problem



Have you ever noticed how many of the wonderful stories told in the Bible happen again today? No? But they do.

Take that story of the poor widow of Zarephath, for instance. You remember, of course, how very poor she was and how she had almost nothing in her house for herself and her little boy to eat—just a handful of flour and some oil. Then Elijah the prophet came along and asked her to make a little cake for him. It was a hard thing for him to ask, but in the name of God he promised, “The barrel of meal shall not waste, neither shall the cruse of oil fail.”

Well, by scraping the bottom of the flour barrel, and draining from the oil jar the last drop of oil, she made a little cake and gave it to Elijah. It seemed to her then that her last bite of food had gone. But it hadn't. The next time she looked in the barrel there was still a little flour at the bottom. And it was the same when she tipped up the jar, or cruse, of oil. Just

a little ran out. This happened again and again for a full year.

We call that the miracle of the widow's cruse. But we might just as well call it the miracle of the last scrapings. And that brings me back to where I began: the fact that these old Bible miracles are happening again today. They are, over and over again. And I think those that happen now are just as wonderful as any that happened long ago.

Before me as I write is a letter from a boy called Roderick; and a wonderful letter it is. He opens by saying that he has "read many of *Uncle Arthur's Bed-time Stories*, especially the one called 'Jesus Knows and Cares.'" "We know He does," he says, and then goes on to tell what happened in his own home just the other day.

Roderick has four brothers and sisters. With father and mother, that makes seven in the family.

Well, some time ago things began to go wrong. Father lost his job. Then the baby got sick and the doctor had to be called several times. That cost a great deal of money. Finally the day came when all father's savings were gone.

At last there was no money left to buy any food, and all too quickly the food they still had in the house was eaten.

One morning Roderick noticed that father and mother seemed unusually sad and troubled about something. When suppertime came mother told the children that there wasn't any food left. This made them

more hungry than ever, and the little girl who had been so sick began to cry.

"Let's have one more look," said father. At this, he and mother went down into the cellar and searched and searched to see whether there might be one little can of jam or jelly that they had missed. But no. There was nothing anywhere.

Back in the kitchen, mother went carefully through all the cupboards. At last she came across a peanut-butter jar which was not quite empty. How happy she was to find it! Carefully she scraped out enough to give each child a spoonful.

It was the last scrapings. After this, there was nothing. At least, so it seemed just then.

As the children were licking their spoons clean, father jumped up and said he couldn't stand it any longer.

"Why don't we ask God to help us?" he cried. "Surely He must know how poor we are. Surely He will do something for us if we ask Him. Let us pray right now."

So they did. All knelt on the kitchen floor and prayed. That is, all except Nancy, who was too little. One by one the children said, each in his own lovely way, "Please, dear Jesus, send us some food, we are so very hungry."

Then they rose from their knees and sat around the kitchen, wondering what God would do for them and how their prayers would be answered.

While they were talking there was a knock at the

door. Then—and I quote Roderick's own words—
“When daddy opened the door, there stood the preacher
and his wife with their arms full of groceries. They had
felt impressed to come and help us.”

So once again the “barrel of meal” and the “cruse
of oil” were refilled, just in time, even as in Elijah's day.
Which only goes to prove that God loves His children
just as much now as then.

Always when we come to “the last scrapings,” we
may know that He is waiting near at hand to help.
When we have reached the end of our resources, we
are just at the beginning of His.







STORY
17

Edward and Harry were on their way home from one of the long hikes they loved to take together. This time they had been through the woods, down to the sea, then along the sands to the rocks at the Point and back again. Most of the way they had been discussing what they were going to be when they grew up. Edward was sure he was going to be a boatbuilder. Harry was equally sure he would be a fisherman. Edward would build boats and Harry would go out fishing in them.

They had their idea worked out so perfectly by the time they arrived home that they decided to talk it all over with Edward's father. He always seemed to understand boys and was willing to listen to them. They found him in the woodshed. All excited, they broke the news.

"Dad," said Edward, "Harry and I have worked out the grandest idea. I'm going to be a boatbuilder and he's going to be a fisherman, and we're both going

to work together and make a lot of money and——”

“Just a minute,” said dad. “A boatbuilder? But only the other day you said you were going to be an engineer and drive an express train.”

“I know. But I have changed my mind,” said Edward. “I think it would be much nicer to be a boatbuilder. Then I could build a speedboat. And maybe someday I could build a big liner.”

“Maybe,” said dad. “But it isn’t so very long ago that you said you were going to be a cowboy.”

“Oh, I know,” said Edward, laughing. “But that was only because I listened to all those cowboy songs on the radio. I didn’t really mean it.”

“So you’re sure you want to be a boatbuilder now.”

“Oh yes. And Harry is sure he wants to be a fisherman. Aren’t you, Harry?”

“Sure,” said Harry. “I think that would be fine, don’t you? Edward would build me a fishing boat and I would sail it out to sea and haul in the fish every day.”

“But unless I am mistaken,” said dad, “you said you wanted to be a farmer and own a herd of cows. That was only a week ago. It seems strange you should have changed from a farmer to a fisherman in a week.”

“I know,” said Harry. “But I mean it this time.”

Dad laughed. “Come on indoors and have some cookies. There’s something I want to tell you two.”

They didn’t need a second invitation to raid the cookie jar, and while they were munching away dad got a chance to say what was on his mind.

“You know, boys,” he said, “it’s a grand thing to

dream about the future, about being boatbuilders and fishermen and farmers and engine drivers and cowboys. I used to dream like that too. But you are young and have a long way to go before your dreams can come true. So many things can happen to change the course of your lives. It is a good thing to remember that God has plans for you too."

"God has? What do you mean?" asked Harry.

"Yes," said dad. "He has a plan for every life—yours and Edward's and mine and everybody's. When we fit into God's plans, life is happy and successful."

"How do you know that God has plans for us?" asked Edward.

"The Bible says so," said dad. "In Jeremiah 29:11 we read: 'I know the thoughts that I think toward you, saith the Lord, thoughts of peace, and not of evil, to give you an expected end.' That makes it plain that God does think about us and our future. But one translator has given us this rendering of the verse: 'I know the plans which I am planning for you . . . — plans of welfare and not of calamity, to give you a future and a hope.' " (Rotherham.)

"Remember that, boys. God says, 'I know the plans which I am planning for you.' He has a plan for both of your lives. He may want you to become a boat-builder, Edward, or a fisherman, Harry. But He may want you to be something quite different. I don't know. He may want you, Edward, to become a minister of the gospel. And Harry, who knows but that He may be planning for you to be a missionary in the South Sea

Islands, where you would be a fisher of men for Him?"

"Yes, but how can we know what His plans for us are?" said Edward. "If we knew, that would be all right, but how can we find out?"

"The only way," said dad, "is to ask Him. When you say your prayers at night, tell Him that you want your plans to fit in with His plans; that you are willing to carry out His plans. If you will do that, I am sure God will lead you in the right way. And it will be the best way, the happiest way, for both of you."

"But perhaps He will want us to do something we don't want to do," said Harry.

"No, I don't think He will," said dad. "The strange thing is that if you set out to do the will of God, you soon find you are doing the thing you want to do most. That is what David meant when he said, 'Delight thyself also in the Lord; and He shall give thee the desires of thine heart. Commit thy way unto the Lord; trust also in Him; and He shall bring it to pass.' Psalms 37:4, 5."

By this time the cookies had disappeared, and Harry said he thought it was time to go out for a game of ball. But as the two boys hurried into the garden, one sentence kept ringing in their ears: "I know the plans which I am planning for you."

"I wonder what plans God has for us?" said Edward.

"I wonder," said Harry.

"We must find out," they said together.

And I am sure they will.



STORY
18

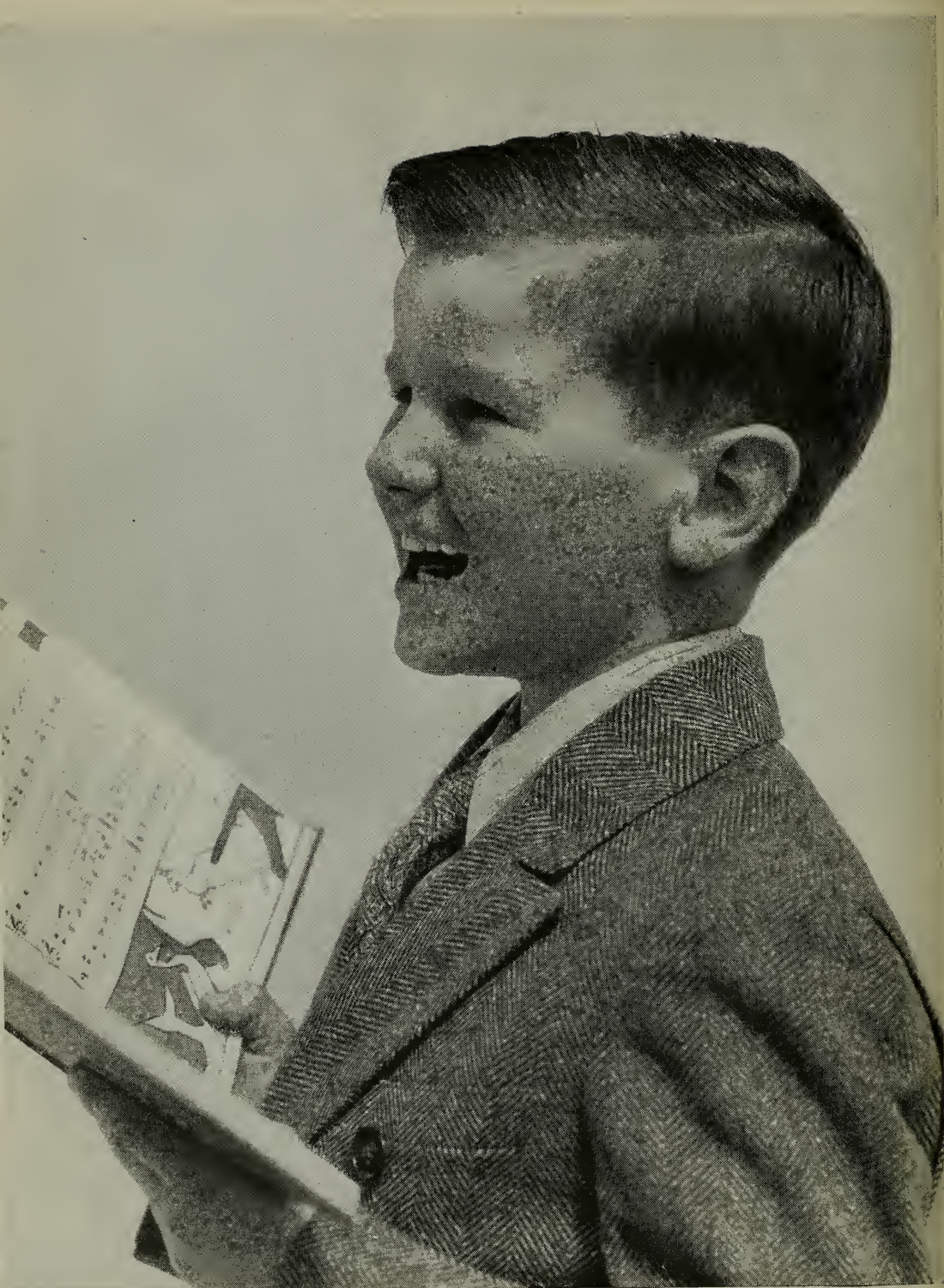
Jerry was just ten years old and a big lad for his age. What muscles! What a chest! Strong as a horse, he could knock a ball farther than anyone else in his team. And he could work hard, too, when he wanted to, which wasn't very often.

The pity was that Jerry knew he was strong, and thought everybody else ought to know about it. He was forever calling attention to what he could do. He wanted people to look at him and praise him for everything he did.

"Watch me hit this ball!" he would say, or, "Watch me row this boat!" or, "Watch me ride my bike!" Even when he was going to sing he would say, "Watch me hit that high note!"

It really became quite tiresome, for people don't like to watch boys who want to be watched. In fact, nobody likes the boy, or the girl, who is forever bragging about what he or she can do.

Sooner or later, of course, something always hap-



H. A. ROBERTS

"Watch Me Hit the High Note!"

pens to those who boast about themselves. Just as the Bible says, "Pride goeth before destruction, and an haughty spirit before a fall." Proverbs 16:18.

And so it turned out with Jerry.

He was at the seaside for a vacation. On bright, calm days he was allowed to take a rowboat out on the sea all by himself, and how he did enjoy it! He could row, too. There was no doubt about that. He could make the oars go so fast that it was a job for anybody to keep up with him.

But he spoiled it all by calling out, over and over again, "Watch me!" "Watch me!" "Watch me!"

Then it happened. Oh, it was so funny! You would have laughed if you could have seen it.

There was another boy in a boat following Jerry, who was fast overtaking him. Jerry saw him and tried to put on a burst of speed to keep in the lead, for he couldn't bear to have anyone get ahead of him.

"Watch me beat him!" he cried. "Watch me!"

Suddenly Jerry's right oar slipped out of the rowlock. Instantly he tipped over backward, landing on the bottom of the boat with his feet stuck up in the air where his head should have been. Meanwhile he let go the oar, which fell into the water and was washed away.

A moment or two later Jerry picked himself up and began to look around. Then he found that he was away out on the sea with only one oar. What to do? He was a bright lad, and determined not to be beaten. So he moved one of the rowlocks to the back of the boat,

rested his one oar in it and, standing up, began using it as a propeller. Sculling, it is called.

The boat started moving forward, and in a few minutes he was shouting to the people on shore again, "Watch me, watch me!"

But his luck was out for that day. Just as he gave the oar a mighty heave to make the boat go faster, the oar jumped out of the rowlock once more and Jerry, losing his balance, fell headlong over the side into the sea.

All were watching him now, of course, just when he didn't want them to. Soon boats were pulling toward him from all directions. A man fished him out of the water and brought him to land. Another rescued his boat, while somebody else set out to save his two oars.

It was a sorry picture he made as he walked up the beach, water dripping from his hair, his shirt, his trousers, and oozing out of his shoes.

"Watch me!" cried a voice in the crowd.

Jerry turned round, his eyes ablaze. But what could he say? What could he do? Everybody was laughing, so he laughed too.

He got the point all right, and never again did he say, "Watch me!"



STORY
19

I know this story is absolutely true, for I met Charlie just the other day, and he told me all about it.

Like most boys he wanted to earn some money, so he had gone to work on a farm for the vacation. He was a bit small for the job, but the farmer needed help; so he took Charlie and set him to work.

Charlie's job was to mind the cows.

"Whatever you do," said the farmer, "don't let them get into the corn."

"Yes, sir. I mean, no, sir," said Charlie. "I'll keep them out all right."

"Well, mind you do," said the farmer, "or I'll have to get another boy to care for them."

So Charlie was left alone with the cows. All went well for a few days. Then one evening, after he had herded them all safely into the barn, a strange thing happened.

All the cows were properly chained up. Charlie



EWING GALLOWAY

Milking Time—and the Cows Came Slowly Home

had seen to that all right. Indeed, he felt quite sure that they were all safe for the night. Then one of the Guernseys, a big, strong cow, became restive. She tossed her head this way and that, jumped up and down in the stall, then started tugging at her chain.

Charlie didn't worry, for he felt sure the chain would hold her all right. But it didn't. Suddenly it snapped. The big cow was loose! In a moment she was charging down the barn. Reaching the barn door, the bottom half of which was closed, she took a flying leap and jumped through the opening at the top!

Charlie ran after her, but it was no use. She was running at full speed, straight toward the cornfield!

Charlie was really frightened now. His job was at stake, and he didn't want to lose it. He ran as hard as he could, trying to head the cow away from the corn. But she was a knowing beast. As he came from one direction, she turned in the other. As he followed, she turned back the other way. He tried to get round her, but she dodged him again and was soon in the corn, where she wanted to be.

Poor Charlie! He didn't know what to do. The more he tried to drive her out of the corn, the farther she went in, munching away at it all the time.

Oh dear! thought Charlie. What will the farmer say when he finds her in here? Yet what can I do? If only she wasn't so big and so mean!

Then he did something that some boys would think very strange indeed. He dropped on one knee right there in the cornfield, shut his eyes a moment, and

prayed. "Please, dear Jesus, make that bad cow go back to the barn, for I can't catch her myself, and I'll get into dreadful trouble if she goes on eating the corn. Please make her go back."

Charlie looked up. The old cow had turned round, but she was still munching corn. Then another strange thing happened. Believe it or not, that cow started to run, just as if somebody were driving her from behind. She dashed past Charlie, right across the meadow, toward the barn door. The bottom part of the door was still shut, but the top was open as before. Then, with an amazing leap, that cow jumped the door again and went back to her stall without any more trouble!

Charlie ran after her, fixed the chain round her neck, and wondered how it had all happened. He told me, with beautiful boyish faith, that he was quite sure Jesus had answered his prayer and sent that bad cow home.

I think so, too, for Jesus has promised, "Whatsoever ye shall ask in My name, that will I do." John 14:13. And again, "If ye abide in Me, and My words abide in you, ye shall ask what ye will, and it shall be done unto you." John 15:7.

Why shouldn't we claim His promises, as Charlie did, and watch them come true!



STORY
20

Mother was beginning to get anxious. Tim should have been home by four o'clock. That gave him half an hour after school was out, and even if his bicycle had got a puncture he could have walked home by now. It was five o'clock, and no Tim.

What could possibly have happened to him? thought mother. Perhaps he has been in an accident. Perhaps he has been knocked off his bicycle. Perhaps—oh dear, how many things could have happened to him!

Another half hour passed. Now it was five-thirty, and still no Tim. Surely something must have gone wrong, for Tim had never come home from school as late as this. Mother began to wonder what she should do. Perhaps she should phone the police or the school principal. She would have to do something soon.

At five-forty-five, just as mother was picking up the phone to call Tim's teacher at home, the back door burst open and in walked Tim, as unconcerned as if it were just the usual time to come home.



H. M. LAMBERT

While All the Other Children Hurried Home After School, Tim Went With Rex to Play

"Tim!" called mother. "Wherever have you been?"

"Nowhere."

"Well, what have you been doing?"

"Nothing."

"Then, why are you so late?"

"I don't know."

"But it's nearly six o'clock," said mother, "and you should have been here two hours ago. I was getting so worried I nearly phoned the police."

"Phoned the police!" cried Tim. "And I was just riding home!"

"Just riding home! But it couldn't possibly have taken you all this time to ride straight home. What have you been doing, Tim?"

"Nothing, I tell you. Teacher kept us in."

"Teacher kept you in! Not for two hours," said mother.

"Oh, no, not two hours."

"Then where have you been all this time?"

"Just coming home."

"Now, Tim, you know I have told you always to come straight home from school unless I have given you definite permission to stay late. That's the only way I can know where you are and that everything is all right with you. What kept you late today?"

"Nothing in particular."

At that moment the telephone rang. Mother picked up the receiver, while Tim stood by listening to half the conversation. This is what he heard:

"Yes, Mrs. Jones. Glad to hear your voice."

Pause.

"Oh, he did, did he?"

Pause, during which Tim began to move toward the back door.

"Thank you, Mrs. Jones. I'm glad he had a good time."

Bang! Down went the receiver.

"So that's where you were for two hours while I—— Tim, where are you, Tim?"

Tim had disappeared.

"Tim! Tim! Come here!"

Tim slowly returned.

"Why didn't you tell me that you spent those two hours playing with Rex Jones?"

"Because I thought you wouldn't like it."

"I don't like it. Not because you played with Rex, but because you disobeyed me and then didn't tell me the truth. Now run along to bed."

"To bed! At six o'clock!"

"Yes," said mother firmly, "to bed!"

"But what about my supper? I'm starving."

"You should have thought of that before. Supper was at five. Perhaps next time you will remember."

Sadly Tim crept upstairs and into bed. It was hard, oh, so hard, to go to bed so early, and worse still to have nothing to eat. He had never felt so hungry in all his life. But next time he wanted to play with his friends after school he told mother first, not afterward.

It's the best thing to do every time.







STORY
21

Frances was feeling very, very sad. You see only yesterday her little brother Joe had been taken ill and hurried off to the hospital. The doctor said he was very sick indeed.

Then, because mother was so worried, it was arranged for Frances to go and stay with her auntie. And here she was, feeling more miserable than she had ever felt in all her life.

It seemed to her that everything had gone wrong at once. So she just sat and wept. She wanted to be home; she wanted to see mother; she wanted little Joe back from the hospital.

That was her chief worry. Maybe Joe wouldn't come back. Maybe he would die there. She was afraid of that, because, well, because the doctor looked so very serious when he talked to mother about him.

"Auntie," she said amid her tears, "do you think Joe will come back?"

Now it was auntie who looked serious. "We hope

so, dear," she said; but she didn't sound hopeful at all.

All that day Frances kept asking the same question. Every hour or so she would go to auntie and say, "Will he come back? Will he come back?"

The next day when she went to ask auntie about Joe, she found her crying too. Then Frances guessed that something terrible had happened. Otherwise, why should auntie cry?

"Auntie," she said anxiously, "why are you crying? Has something happened to Joe? Is he dead?"

Auntie took Frances into her arms and held her tightly. Then she said very kindly, "Joe has gone to sleep, dear."

"You mean he's dead!" said Frances almost angrily. "And now he'll never come back. Never. Oh dear!"

Auntie waited a minute or two until poor Frances had become quiet again. Then she said very tenderly, "But he will come back, Frances."

"How? When?" said Frances. "He can't come back if he's dead."

"And yet he will come back," said auntie again. "He is only asleep, waiting for Jesus to come and wake him up again. We must believe that, Frances, for Jesus Himself has promised it."

Frances was quiet and still now, so auntie went on.

"Let me get my Bible," she said, "and read you something very comforting. Look, here in the eleventh chapter of John is the story of a girl named Martha who lost her brother. She was very sad about it. Then Jesus came and spoke to her, saying, 'Thy brother shall rise

again.' Martha said: 'I know that he shall rise again in the resurrection at the last day.' And Jesus replied, 'I am the resurrection, and the life.' By that He meant that He has power to give life, to wake us up out of the sleep of death. He can do it because He is our Maker and Creator. And, Frances, He is going to wake little Joe and give him back to us."

"But when? when?" asked Frances.

"Jesus Himself tells us," said auntie. "Listen: 'Marvel not at this: for the hour is coming, in the which all that are in the graves shall hear His voice, and shall come forth.' John 5:28, 29. We are not to marvel at it. We are not to think it is something too wonderful to happen, because it will happen. Jesus has said so, and He will keep His word.

"Then He left us this precious promise: 'Let not your heart be troubled. . . . In My Father's house are many mansions: if it were not so, I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you. And if I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again, and receive you unto Myself; that where I am, there ye may be also.' John 14:1-3.

"Do we have to wait till Jesus comes again before we shall see our little Joe?" asked Frances.

"Yes, dear," said auntie. "But it won't be long—not very long. 'I come quickly,' He says. And then in that happy day 'the Lord Himself shall descend from heaven with a shout, with the voice of the Archangel, and with the trump of God: and the dead in Christ shall rise first: then we which are alive and remain shall

be caught up together with them in the clouds, to meet the Lord in the air: and so shall we ever be with the Lord.' 1 Thessalonians 4:16, 17.

"What a glorious day that will be! The Lord will shout for joy that He is coming back for His people, and we shall shout for joy that He has returned. Then all who are asleep in death will wake up again. They will see us, and we shall see them. And we shall be 'caught up together.' Isn't that a beautiful promise, Frances? Jesus knows we want to be together with our loved ones, and He's going to see to it that we are. Together forever, never to part again."

"That will be wonderful, won't it?" said Frances. "I do so want to see little Joe again. I want him to come back so much!"

"You will see him, dear. He will come back. And then we shall never feel sad again—never. For 'God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes; and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain.' Revelation 21:4."

Frances looked up in auntie's face. "How beautiful!" she said, wiping away her tears. "It makes me feel better just to think about it."

And her sad little heart was comforted, thinking of Jesus and His love and His coming again for His own.

Yes, little Frances, "Thy brother shall rise again." He will come back!



STORY

22

Roy was furious. For the seventh time that afternoon Shirley had quietly pulled his track apart so that the train had fallen over and piled up in a terrible wreck.

"Shirley! You bad girl!" he cried, as little sister dashed out of the playroom like a streak of lightning, Roy hot on her heels. "Just let me catch you!"

But Shirley was too quick for him, and finally, flushed and panting, she arrived in the safety zone of mother's presence.

Sparks of anger were flying out of Roy's eyes as he dashed into the kitchen after her.

"Mother!" he cried. "That horrid girl has wrecked my train seven times this afternoon, and now she's going to pay for it. I've put up with her long enough."

"I didn't mean to," said Shirley from her refuge between mother and the gas stove.

"Didn't mean to!" snorted Roy. "Yes, you did! You did it on purpose every time. And every time you

said, 'Didn't mean to! Didn't mean to!' Well, you won't do it again, that's all. Not when I've finished with you."

"Now, now, now," said mother. "This is terrible. Why, Roy, this doesn't sound like you. You've always been so kind to Shirley. I thought you loved your sister."

"I love her all right," said Roy, "but there are limits. She's been spoiling my fun all afternoon, and I'm not going to stand for any more of it. I'll never let her play with my things again, so there."

"This is too bad," said mamma. "Shirley, why did you wreck Roy's train all those times?"

"Only 'cos I like to see the train fall over," said Shirley, still keeping mother between herself and Roy. "It's such fun when it does, only Roy doesn't like it."

"Such fun!" stormed Roy. "That's it. Such fun! But she doesn't put the train back on the rails again. She waits until I've just got everything fixed up and then makes it all fall over again. If she thinks that's fun, I don't."

"Really, Shirley," said mother, "you shouldn't do that; it isn't fair to Roy. Why don't you tell him you're sorry? Then perhaps he will let you play with him again."

"I'm sorry," said Shirley, as meekly as she could.

"Sorry!" Roy exploded. "Sorry, sorry! That's what she always says. And then she does it again. I'm not going to be fooled just by her saying 'sorry.'"

"But I *am* sorry," said Shirley.

"Fiddlesticks!" cried Roy. "Don't you ever play with my train again or I'll——"

"I am really, truly sorry," said Shirley. "I promise I won't do it again."

"Pshaw!" cried Roy, turning to go. "I don't believe a word of it."

"Just a minute, Roy," said mother.

"What?" asked Roy, rather ungraciously.

"If Shirley says she's sorry, you ought to forgive her."

"Forgive her! I like that. I've forgiven her too many times already."

"Never too many times, Roy," said mother.

"Oh, yes indeed," said Roy.

"Oh, no," said mother. "You can never forgive anybody too many times."

"I don't see why," said Roy.

"Well, it says in the Bible that Peter came to Jesus and said, 'Lord, how oft shall my brother sin against me, and I forgive him? till seven times?' And Jesus answered, 'I say not unto thee, Until seven times: but, Until seventy times seven.'"

"Seventy times seven!" exclaimed Roy.

"Yes," said mother. "Seventy times seven."

"You mean that I am supposed to let her tip my train over seventy-seven times and forgive her every time?"

"Yes; only far more times than that. It doesn't say seventy *and* seven, but seventy *times* seven. How many times is that?"

"Let me see," said Roy. "Seven times seven is forty-nine. That's four hundred and ninety times. Why, I couldn't forgive her all that many times. That's far too many."

"No, it isn't," said mother. "You see, Roy, true love never knows when to stop forgiving. It just forgives and forgives and forgives again. That's what Jesus meant. When you love someone as I know you love your little sister, you can't help forgiving her, over and over."

"That means I've got to put up with her wrecking my train four hundred and ninety times," said Roy. "No, I couldn't stand that."

"That's the strange thing about forgiveness," said mother. "When Shirley sees that you forgive her she will love you so much more, because you are so kind, that she won't want to annoy you by wrecking your train. Isn't that right, Shirley?"

"Yes," said Shirley, peeping out a little more bravely from behind mother's skirt. "If he'll forgive me, I'll promise I won't do it any more."

"There you are," said mother. "I told you so. And now I have an idea. Each of you keep a list of the times you forgive the other—and see how soon you can get a list of four hundred and ninety 'forgivenesses.'"

"I forgave him the other day for pulling my hair so hard," said Shirley.

"You did," said mother, "and that was right. So that cancels out one of the times when Roy had to forgive you for something."

"But if we cancel like that we'll never get to the four hundred and ninetieth time," said Roy.

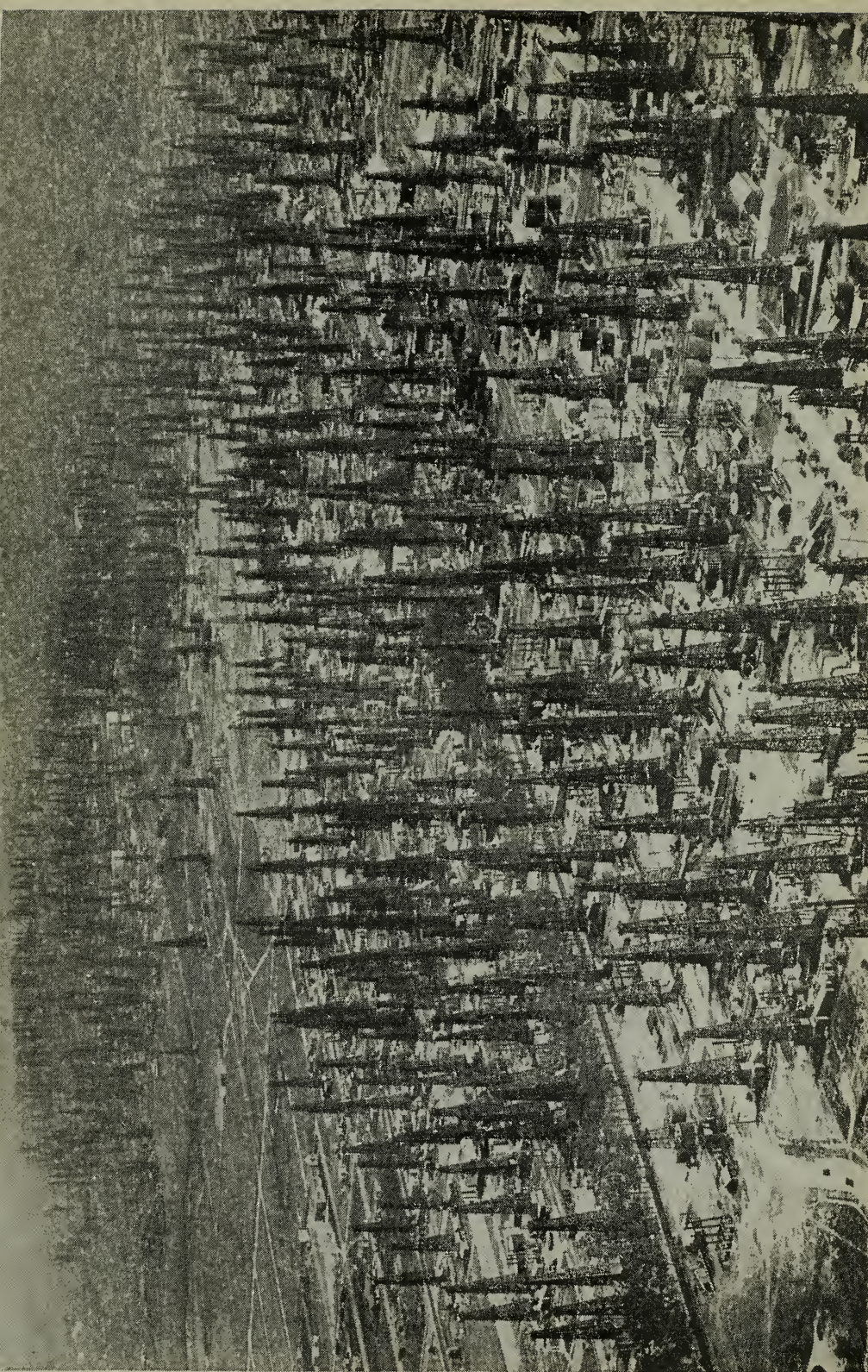
"Exactly," said mother. "Of course you never will. And Jesus knew that perfectly well when He said, 'Until seventy times seven.' What He had in mind was that we should just go on loving and forgiving all the time, every day and every week and every year, just as long as we live. We are never to think that we can come to the end of our forgiving any more than we could come to the end of our love. See?"

"Yes, I see," said Roy. "I'm not going to bother even to keep the list."

"I didn't think you would," smiled mother.

"Well," said Roy, "I suppose I'll have to forgive you once more, Shirley. That will be the seventh time today, and I have only four hundred and eighty-three times to go. Come on, let's go and play with the train again."

Shirley bounded out of her hiding place. The two grasped hands and ran off, all smiles, almost as fast as they had come. Soon there were happy peals of laughter from the playroom. The spirit of forgiveness had done its beautiful work once more.



A Great Forest of Oil Wells at Signal Hill, California. Gasoline Is One of the Many Valuable Products Obtained From Oil

A black and white line drawing of a young boy and a young girl. The boy is in the foreground, looking towards the left. The girl is behind him, also looking left. They are both smiling slightly. To their left is a large, tilted rectangular sign with a thick black border. Inside the sign, the title "The Boy Who Found Black Gold" is written in a cursive script.

The Boy Who Found Black Gold

STORY
23

“Wouldn’t it be nice if we never had to work any more?” said Douglas, as he and his father were out for a drive during their vacation.

Father smiled, taking his eye off the roadway for a moment to look down at his nine-year-old son.

“It might be nice,” he said, “but I doubt if it would be good for us. Idle hands get into mischief, you know. What is more, suppose everybody got the same idea!”

“You mean, suppose everybody stopped working at once?”

“Yes.”

“That would be wonderful,” said Douglas. “The whole world would have one grand vacation.”

“Would it?” said father. “Just a minute. That would mean all the farmers would stop working. And the railroad men. And the car manufacturers. And the oil producers, and everybody else. So there wouldn’t be any food to buy. All the shops would be closed. Nobody could travel. You couldn’t buy a car

and, if you had one, you couldn't get any gasoline for it. No, it wouldn't do at all. If the world is to live, it must work. Everybody must work and pull his share of the load."

"Talking of gasoline," said Douglas, "your tank is nearly empty."

"So it is!" exclaimed father. "We must stop at the very next station."

They pulled up at the big red pumps of a Standard Oil station and waited while the man put in the gasoline.

"Do you know," said father, as they started off again, "those red pumps are a monument to hard work. I never see them without thinking of the man who made them possible. My! How he worked!"

"Who was it?" asked Douglas.

"I'll tell you," said father. "It is really the story of a boy—a boy who found black gold."

"Go on," said Douglas, scenting a good story.

"I don't know how old he was at the time," father went on, "but he was not much more than a lad when he heard of the discovery of black gold in Pennsylvania. Oil is called black gold, you know, because it is almost as precious as gold.

"That was in 1859, when the first oil well was drilled in America, and oil came oozing up out of the ground from a depth of sixty-nine feet. Well, this lad, whose name was Schofield, spent eight years looking here and there in Pennsylvania for a place that might yield oil for him. He prospected for oil just as others were

prospecting for gold. Then someone told him that, away out in the west, in a place called California, there was land that looked as if it might yield oil.

"So young Schofield traveled west, and in 1875 he started to look around Southern California for the tell-tale signs of oil.

"After a while he got an idea that oil could be found in Pico Canyon, about seven miles from Newhall, and he made up his mind to drill there if possible. But he couldn't do it alone or without money. So he persuaded some friends to lend him some money and got another friend, Alex, a big strong fellow, to go along with him.

"The two set out for the canyon. How they worked! They didn't have any modern drilling machinery. Everything was done by hand. They drove the bit down into the ground by their own weight and energy. Then they used the spring of a bent sapling to drag it out again.

"Day after day they toiled in the burning heat, pushing the bit into the hole, then waiting for it to be yanked out again by the pull of the bent tree. At the end of thirty days they had gone down thirty feet. That's an average of one foot a day. Of course, the deeper the hole the more difficult it was to go down farther. Then imagine their joy when the sand turned black and oil started to flow from the hole! They collected it and found they were getting as much as two barrels a day.

"Then they went across the canyon and started again. Push and pull, push and pull, hour after hour, day after day. They didn't stop to rest. They didn't

say they didn't want to work any more. They were so keen on their job they never thought of work as being tiresome.

"A month later they were down about thirty feet again. Once more oil flowed. Again it was about two barrels a day. Their hopes rose. They decided to drill yet another well. Push, pull, push, pull, day in, day out. But this time, when they had gone down thirty feet, there was no oil. The well was dry. What a disappointment!

"But did they give up? No indeed. They started again. Push, pull, push, pull, day after day, day after day. Thirty feet, sixty feet, a hundred feet. Still no oil. But they would not give up. Two hundred feet. Three hundred feet. Four hundred feet. Still no oil. Yet they did not give up.

"How they did it, I can't imagine," said father. "It doesn't seem possible with the simple tools they had. But they kept going, and as the weeks and months slipped by, so the hole went down, down, down. Four hundred feet. Five hundred feet. And then six hundred feet! Imagine it!"

"Did they find oil after all that work?" asked Douglas.

"Indeed they did," said father, "and it came in with a rush, 150 barrels a day, the first important oil well in California."

"My! They must have been happy!" cried Douglas.

"I'm sure they were," said father. "But Douglas, it wasn't only black gold that flowed up that little hole

in the earth that day. With the oil came motorcars, millions of them, and oil-burning locomotives, oil-burning ships and airplanes, and new homes, new towns, new cities, and great prosperity for many people."

"Wonderful!" murmured Douglas.

"Yes," said father. "And all because two boys loved work, and loved it more than play."



H. B. LAMBERT

When You Drive Away on Your Vacation, Remember That a Lot of People
Worked Hard to Make It Possible



H. M. LAMBERT

Little Bertha Really Did Love Her Mother



O Mother, I love you so much," cried Bertha, flinging her arms around mother's neck. "You can't imagine how much I love you."

"I love to hear you say so," said mother; "but how much do you love me?"

"A million million dollars' worth," said Bertha. "All that much."

"That sounds like a great deal," said mother. "I hope you always love me that much, and more."

Now part of the reason for Bertha's warmth of affection was the fact that she had just received a beautiful new doll for her birthday. A really big one, with lovely golden hair and several changes of clothes. Somebody, either mother or daddy, or both together, must have spent a lot of money on it.

Bertha was delighted, and played with it by the hour, putting different dresses on the doll until she had tried them all, then starting all over again. She imagined she was a real mother herself.

So happy was she that she failed to hear mother's call from the kitchen. Or did she?

"Bertha, Bertha!" There it came again.

Bertha heard this time, and recognized the tone of voice. It was the tone mother used when she wanted help. Bertha went on playing.

"Bertha, Bertha!"

Bertha looked down at her doll. "Bother!" she said to herself. "I wonder what mother wants. I wish she would leave me alone to play."

"Bertha, Bertha!"

"Yes, Mother."

"Come and help me dry the dishes, dear. I do so want to get finished."

"Bother!" whispered Bertha again. Then, putting down her precious doll, she opened the kitchen door.

"Do I have to come?" she asked rather impolitely.

"Please," said mother. "I do need some help. I'm tired and there are so many things to be done."

"But you know I hate drying dishes," said Bertha.

"So do I," said mother, "but somebody has to do them."

"But I want to play with my doll," grumbled Bertha. "I never get any time to play. You're always wanting me to work."

"Bertha!" said mother. "The idea!"

"Well, it's true."

"And who has been playing all the afternoon?" said mother. "And who has been working? Bertha, I thought I heard you say only this morning that you

loved me a million million dollars' worth? Did you say that?"

"Yes," said Bertha, turning her head and blushing a little.

"Well," said mother, "I don't think your love is worth a penny a bucketful."

"Why?" asked Bertha.

"Because," said mother, "people who only accept things, and never give, just don't know what love is. You can't measure love by dollars. You measure it by what it leads people to do. That is why Jesus said, 'If ye love Me, keep My commandments.' John 14:15. It doesn't matter how much we *say* we love Him if we don't *do* what He says. And it's the same with you, Bertha. If you really loved me you would be glad to help me. You would run when I call you. Indeed, I wouldn't even need to call you. You would be thinking all the time how to help me, not just how you could enjoy yourself."

Bertha was very quiet now. Suddenly she looked up, a new light in her eyes. Grabbing the tea towel, she began wiping the dishes with energy she had never shown before.

"Mother," she said, "I really did mean what I said. From now on I'm going to prove to you that I do love you a million million dollars' worth. You'll see."

And mother did.



BRITISH COMBINE

Waifs of War Waiting for Someone to Help Them



STORY
25

O Mother," cried Chrissie, "isn't it lovely to think that I'm going to get a new dress this week?"

"It surely is," said mother.

"I think I'll have a green one this time," said Chrissie excitedly. "Then I'll get a brown hat, a little brown handbag, and they'll go beautifully with my brown shoes."

"That will be very attractive," said mother. "And you deserve it, dear. You've been such a good girl, working so hard and saving your pennies as you have. When do you want to go shopping?"

"Just as soon as we can," said Chrissie. "Could we go tomorrow afternoon?"

"I think so. How much money do you have?"

"About ten dollars," said Chrissie, opening her purse and counting her precious savings all over again for the twentieth time that day.

"Fine!" said mother. "I think you have done very



S. M. HARLAN

Chrissie and Her Mother Off to the Store to Buy a New Dress

well, dear, to save so much. It has meant a lot of hard work. Now you shall have the dress you have wanted so long."

"I hope we find a nice one," said Chrissie eagerly. "A beautiful pale-green one, with maybe some flowers worked in here and there, don't you think?"

"That might be very pretty," said mother. "Anyhow, we'll find the best in town."

Chrissie could hardly wait for the time when they were to leave for town, but it came at last. They caught their bus, and away they went.

As the bus stopped here and there on its way to town, Chrissie noticed a big colored picture on the billboards. It showed two ragged children, one with a crutch because he had lost a leg. Above, in big letters, were the words, "Help the Red Cross to Help Them."

"What is that picture about?" asked Chrissie.

"It must be Red Cross day," said mother. "I had forgotten."

"But the picture," said Chrissie. "Those poor children."

"Oh," said mother, "those poor little boys represent all the children who have suffered in the war. Millions of them, you know, have lost their fathers and their mothers and their homes and, well, everything. It is very, very sad. Now kind people are trying to do all they can to help them."

"Haven't they any food or proper clothes?" asked Chrissie.

"Many of them would starve or freeze to death if it weren't for the Red Cross and other agencies who send help to them."

"I suppose we should help too," said Chrissie.

"Oh, yes, of course, we will," said mother. "But here is where we get off. The store I want to take you to is just a few yards farther on."

They got off the bus and hurried to the shop.

"There's that picture again," said Chrissie, stopping

a moment to look closer at the two ragged children and the crutch.

"Yes, they are all over the place," said mother. "Now here we are. What do you think of that green dress in the window?"

"It's lovely," said Chrissie, "but it doesn't have any flowers on it. Let's go inside and look at some more."

They walked over to the elevator.

"They even have that picture in here, Mother," she said as they went up to the fourth floor.

"So they do," said mother. "I suppose people will give a lot of money to help those poor children today."

Now they were in the dress department and the saleslady was bringing out all the green dresses she had in stock. Chrissie looked them over carefully, enjoying herself no end as she turned from one to the other. But she couldn't tell which one to choose—they were all so beautiful. At last she found one that seemed just right. It was the right color and the right size and the right price—and yet, somehow she couldn't say Yes. Something made her hesitate. She couldn't tell what, or could it be those two poor children staring at her from the Red Cross box on the counter?

"Mother," she said at last, "I don't think I can decide just now. Let's leave it for a little while and look somewhere else."

"I don't think you'll find a better dress," said mother, "but it's for you to decide. It's your money."

The saleslady promised to put the dress to one side for an hour or two, and out they went.

"I don't understand you, Chrissie," said mother. "That dress was the very one you wanted."

But Chrissie didn't seem to hear. Instead she stepped up to a lady in the Red Cross uniform who was standing beside a big picture of the two poor ragged children.

"Do you need a lot of money to help those poor children?" she asked.

"Yes, my dear," said the lady, "we do. There are millions of them all over the world without food or clothing, and we are trying to help as many as we can."

"I would like to give my dress money, if you don't mind," said Chrissie. "You see, I have plenty of old dresses, and I don't really need a new one. And I can save up again, you know."

With that Chrissie opened her purse, drew out her precious ten dollars, and placed them in the lady's hand.

"Thank you very much," said the lady. "God bless you, dear."

Chrissie wondered why there were tears in the lady's eyes. Then she looked up at her mother and saw there were tears in her eyes too.

"Now we can go home again, can't we, Mother?" she said.

"Chrissie," said mother, "you are the strangest, dearest girl in all the world."



COURTESY, U.S. DEPARTMENT OF INTERIOR

HILEMAN

They Camped on the Edge of a Beautiful Lake Hidden in the Mountains

Walter and the Wolves



STORY
26

Walter was as excited as a boy could be. Dad was going on a camping trip and had just told him that he could go along too! He always loved to go on trips with his dad, but to go away with him for a whole week—that seemed too good to be true. What's more, they were going to sleep in a tent and cook their own food over a campfire.

The next few days were spent getting everything ready. The tent, of course, and the groundsheet; the blankets and the pillows; the pots and pans and dishes; the fishing rods, hooks, and bait. As the pile of things grew in the garage, Walter could hardly keep himself from shouting aloud for joy. He was going camping in the mountains with dad!

At last the great day came. There were four in the party—dad, two of his friends, and Walter. They packed some of the things in the trunk of the car and the rest they tied on the sides. Then they were off.

They drove toward the mountains, then up, up, up,

curving this way and that through beautiful forests until at last they were so high they were almost above the timber line. Now and then, as they looked down, they caught wonderful views of woodlands, lakes, and rivers far below.

At last they came to a beautiful lake hidden deep in the mountains. This, said dad, was the place they had been making for, although the best campsite was on the other side of the water. So they drove the car as far as they could, then unloaded it and carried the things around. At last the tent was set up and a fire lighted to cook the evening meal.

Walter was thrilled. It was all so different and so wonderful. He had never seen anything like it—the stillness of the lake, the sun setting behind the great mountain peaks, the distant baying of wild animals.

“What’s that noise?” he asked dad. “It sounds like dogs barking, but there can’t be any dogs up here.”

“Just wolves,” said dad. “There are lots of them up in these mountains, but they won’t bother us. They are a long way off.”

Walter tried not to think of the wolves any more, but now and then he couldn’t help wondering a little. They might be a long way off, he thought to himself as he went to sleep that night, but they could come nearer, couldn’t they? But there, dad and his two friends were in the tent with him, so why should he worry? And with this thought in mind he went to sleep.

The next day they were all up early, and set off to find the best place for fishing. Soon all their lines were

cast, and they were waiting for the first bite. They did not have to wait long. In fact, it seemed that this mountain lake was just full of fish only waiting to be caught.

What a grand time they had! Walter had never enjoyed himself so much before. He wished he could stay up there in the mountains for the rest of his life. But of course he couldn't. There was work to be done and school to attend.

At last the day came when they must leave. The tent was taken down and all the things were packed.

Dad and his friends picked up the bundles and headed back toward the car, with Walter walking beside them.

Presently dad stopped.

"I don't see why we should carry these things all round the end of the lake," he said. "Let's take a short cut through the swamp."

"But Walter couldn't go through the swamp," said one of the men. "It's three feet deep at least. He'd be drowned."

"Then I'll tell you what," said dad. "The three of us will go through the swamp, get the car all ready, and Walter can walk round the swamp and meet us on the other side. After all, it's not much more than a mile. All right, Walter?"

"Of course," said Walter, "and I'll be there before you."

The men laughed, for they knew he couldn't possibly do that. Then they parted.

Walter started off, his path leading him through

some very wild country. He didn't mind being alone, of course, but he didn't like that sound—that baying of the wolves. Somehow it seemed to be much nearer than dad had said it was.

He hurried on, determined to get to the car before the others. Pressing his way through low shrubs and clambering over rocks, he reached the end of the lake and started around the other side. Then suddenly he saw something that froze him in his tracks. Running toward him, down the mountainside, was a pack of wolves! There were seventeen of them altogether. Walter counted them, frightened though he was. They were big ugly looking brutes, and the sight of them made Walter's heart almost stand still.

On they came, their mouths open, ready to tear him to pieces.

There was a big rock near by, and Walter tried to climb it, hoping to get out of their way. But he couldn't get a foothold, and down he slid again. Now they were nearer, nearer.

Then Walter did a strange thing. I wonder if you would have done the same, with seventeen wolves after you?

He shut his eyes and prayed! He said, "Dear Lord, don't let those wolves harm me! Please make them go away!"

Those seventeen wolves came within ten feet of him. They came so close he could look right into their eyes, almost down their throats.

Then something happened. I don't know what it



COURTESY, NATURE MAGAZINE

R. BRUCE HORSEFALL, ARTIST

Hungry Wolves on the Edge of the Lake

was. Neither does Walter. But he told me himself that all of a sudden those wolves turned tail and dashed back up the mountain.

What made them do it? Could they have caught a glimpse of Walter's guardian angel?

The wolves having gone, Walter went on his way again. Soon he was back at the car where dad and his friends were waiting anxiously for him.

"What kept you?" they asked. "Why did you take so long?"

Then he told them all that had happened, and how Jesus had come to his rescue just in time.



STORY

27

Just when it happened I do not know. Maybe fifty years ago, maybe a hundred. It really doesn't matter. The story was old when I was a boy and that's quite some time ago now. I tell it again because you will love it, too.

A sweet young mother, having laid her baby girl to sleep in her cradle, went down the street to visit a neighbor. She had often left her baby before, just for a few minutes, and there had been no trouble; so she had no doubt that all would be well now.

Arriving at the neighbor's house, she began to chat about this and that, but was suddenly interrupted by a sound that always sent a chill through her, the city fire alarm.

"Don't worry," said the neighbor. "Most likely it's only a grass fire. There are lots of them at this time of year."

But the alarm sounded again and again.

"It must be serious," said the little mother.





"Oh, don't bother," said the neighbor. "I'm sure the fire isn't anywhere near here."

"But hark!" said the little mother. "I can hear the fire engine, and it is coming this way. And look! See the people running. They are running down this street. They are running toward my house!"

Without another word she dashed into the street and ran with the gathering crowd.

Then she saw it. Her own house was on fire! Smoke and flames were already pouring through the roof.

"My baby!" she cried frantically. "My baby!"

The crowd was thick around the house, but like one gone mad she pushed and tore her way through.

"My baby! My baby! My little Margie!"

A fireman seized her.

"You cannot go in there!" he cried. "You will be burned to death."

"Let me go! Let me go!" she cried. And with strength she had never known she had, she dragged herself free and dashed into the flaming house, while a great cry went up from all the waiting people.

She knew just where to go. Dashing through the smoke and flames, she seized her precious baby, then turned to make her way out. But, overcome by the smoke, she swayed and fell, and would have burned to death with her babe, had not a fireman seized her and carried her out.

What a cheer went up as they appeared! But alas, though the baby was saved unharmed, the poor little

mother was badly hurt. Kind friends put her in an ambulance and hurried her off to the hospital. There it was found that her hands, the brave, dear hands that had lifted her baby from the blazing crib, were terribly burned. All their beauty, of which she had been so proud, was gone. Though the doctors did their best to save them, they were left marred and crippled for life.

Months later the brave mother was released from the hospital. She and her baby were together again in a new home.

Weeks became months, and months became years. The baby toddled, walked, ran. She was no longer a baby; she was a little girl. She was growing up. She was beginning to notice things.

One day when Marjorie was eight years old, her mother was washing dishes in the kitchen sink.

Suddenly Marjorie saw something that she had never noticed before.

"Mother," she exclaimed, "what ugly hands you have!"

"Yes, dear," said her mother quietly, though hurt almost beyond words. "They are ugly, aren't they?"

"But why do you have ugly hands when other people have pretty hands?" said Marjorie, not knowing how every word was like a dagger in her mother's heart.

Tears filled her mother's eyes.

"What have I said—what have I done wrong?" asked Marjorie.

Then the little mother took Marjorie's hand and

led her to the davenport. "There's something I must tell you, dear," she said.

Then she told her story, as Marjorie had never understood it before. She told of the fire, of the people who tried to hold her back, of the wild dash into the burning house, how she lifted the baby from the flaming crib, how she fell, how she was rescued, and how badly she had been burned.

"My hands were beautiful till then," she said.

Marjorie clasped the crooked hands in hers, tears streaming down her cheeks. "Mother dear," she cried, "they are the most beautiful hands in all the world!"

Children, there are other hands that were wounded for you. The hands of Jesus, the children's Friend and Saviour; the hands of Him who came down from heaven to rescue His people from sin and save them in His beautiful kingdom.

You know what happened to Jesus. Wicked men took Him and crucified Him. They drove great nails through His hands and hung Him on a cross to die. They buried Him in Joseph's new tomb. But they couldn't keep Him there. He rose again and ascended to heaven, where He lives today, waiting for the glad day when He shall return. And all this time the marks of the nails are still there. When He comes back they will still be there. We shall know Him then "by the print of the nails in His hands."

And those nailmarks will be there through all eternity. As you meet Him in the New Jerusalem or in the lovely new earth, you will know that those hands,

those dear, dear hands of Jesus, were marred that you might be saved and live with Him forever. And when you say to Him, "What happened to your hands?" He will tell you the wonderful story of salvation over and over again. Then, with little Marjorie, you will exclaim, "They are the most beautiful hands in all the world."



H. M. LAMBERT

It Was Her House on Fire, and Inside, the Baby Lay Asleep



Did you ever hear of a dog going to a funeral? It is rather unusual, I know. Dogs are generally kept home at such times in case they bark at the wrong moment, and that would be too bad, wouldn't it?

Well, I know a dog who did go to a funeral. His name was Caesar and he was the special pet of King Edward VII of England.

This king was not only known as the "Peacemaker," because he kept the other rulers of Europe from quarreling; he was also known as a kind old man who loved horses and dogs, and his little fox terrier most of all.

Caesar, as the king's favorite, had the run of the palace. He could get in where nobody else was allowed to go. Important people might have to wait their turn to enter the king's presence, but Caesar could go in and out as he pleased.

Caesar would lie on the rug at the king's feet and sometimes sit on the king's lap. He did things that

nobody else dared to do. Always he had plenty to eat and the finest kennel to sleep in. What a lucky dog he was!

Around his neck was a special collar, so that anybody finding him would know that he was no ordinary fox terrier but a king's dog. On this collar was engraved his name, Caesar. Some say there were also the words, "I belong to the king."

When King Edward died in 1910 there was a big procession through the streets of London. Kings and princes came from the ends of the earth to walk behind his coffin and show him honor. Thousands of soldiers and policemen lined the streets, while hundreds of thousands of people looked on in silent sorrow and respect. It was all very sad and very solemn. Then, to everybody's surprise, right in the middle of the procession came a little fox terrier—trotting along there with all the kings and princes and soldiers and sailors and policemen. All the people looking on whispered, "Look at that little dog! It must be the king's dog! It must be Caesar!"

And of course it was Caesar, and he was telling everybody, not only by his collar, but by his presence there on that sad occasion, "I belong to the king." He wanted to be with his master in death even as he had been in life.

What a lovely lesson for us all! For there is another King who wants you and me and everybody to belong to Him. That is King Jesus, the King of kings and Lord of lords. To belong to Him, all you have to do is to tell

Him that you want to be His boy, His girl, and He will gladly accept you. From then on you will have the run of His palace. You will be able by prayer to enter His presence any hour of the day or night. You will be able to sit at His feet and listen to Him speaking to you by His Holy Spirit.

You won't have to wear a collar, of course, as Caesar did. But on your heart He will write the words, "I belong to the King." Then you will remember, wherever you are, that you are His boy, His girl. You will seek to please Him and do the things that His boys and girls like to do. You will speak the words that He likes His boys and girls to use. So your actions will be kind and loving, your words clean and pure and helpful.

Then whenever you are tempted to do something wrong you will say to yourself, "Oh no, I couldn't do that; I belong to the King." When false friends tell you to disobey your mother or father, or to lie or steal or listen to bad stories, you will say, "I don't do such things. You see, I belong to the King."

Pretty soon people will get to know about it. They will recognize that you are different. They will say, "There's a good boy; he's a Christian." Or, "There's a lovely girl; she's a follower of the Lord Jesus."

Then one day, when Jesus comes back in all His glory to take His people to their heavenly home, He will send an angel especially for you. He won't leave anyone behind who has chosen to love and serve Him.

It's a wonderful thing to belong to the King!



EWING GALLOWAY

Through a Hole in the Wall They Watched Him Coming



It was a dull and miserable afternoon. Rain was falling in a fine drizzle from a sky so completely gray it was hard to believe that the sun would ever shine again.

Looking out of the dining room window at the dismal scene, George and Philip were about as discontented as a couple of dogs shut up all day in a kennel.

"What can we do next?" said George. "This horrid rain is spoiling everything."

"I wish we could play something exciting," said Philip.

"So do I," said George. "But there's nothing exciting around here. When it rains we're just buried alive in this place."

"That's right," said Philip. "Buried alive."

There was a minute's silence while they both stared out at the puddles in the roadway.

"I have an idea," said George.

"What?" said Philip. "I hope it's good."

"See, there's old Farmer Harrison coming along the road, driving his wagon. He's the one who made such a fuss when we ate an apple out of his orchard last summer. Let's give him a fright."

"I'd like to, the cross old thing," said Philip. "But how?"

"I know," said George. "Let's play we're bandits—hide in the old barn and shout at him to stop as he gets near us."

"Do you think he would take any notice?" said Philip. "Not he."

"If we had a gun he would."

"But we don't have a gun."

"There's your father's," said George.

"You'd better not touch that," said Philip. "My father's very particular about his shotgun. If he caught me even touching it he would give me a licking. He says that guns aren't to be played with."

"Oh, I know," said George. "My father says the same thing. 'Don't touch my gun, because it might go off.' 'Don't touch my gun, because it isn't safe.' Don't do this and don't do that. Anybody would think that guns are dangerous, that they go off if you just look at them. Why, Father says that I mustn't point even a toy gun at anybody, for fear I might point a real gun someday by mistake. Just as if I would!"

"My father says the same," said Philip, "and I know better than to cross him."

"Oh, come on," said George. "We have to have a little fun now and then. On a day like this, too. Any-

way, Philip, he can't say anything if I borrow his gun for a minute. He won't even find out. I'll have it back in its place before anybody knows about it."

"Well, don't let him think I had anything to do with your taking it," said Philip, "that's all."

"Of course not," said George. "Come on, now. Let's hurry to the barn. Then as he drives by we'll spring out in front of the horses."

"All right," said Philip, "let's go. It'll be a lot of fun just to see what the old boy does."

George took the gun from its rack in the corner, put it over his shoulder quite importantly, and led the way outside. Then he stood it up against the barn door while the two peered through a knothole in the wall.

"I wish you hadn't got that gun," said Philip. "Father won't like it, I know."

"Oh, he'll never know," said George carelessly.

"I hope it isn't loaded," said Philip.

"Loaded!" sneered George. "Of course it isn't loaded. He never would have left the gun indoors loaded. My father doesn't do that."

"All right," said Philip. "Be quiet now. Here he comes."

Slowly the heavily laden wagon came toward them. In the driver's seat sat Farmer Harrison in his thick raincoat, seemingly not the least bothered by the bad weather. In fact, he looked almost half asleep, as though he were letting the horses find their own way home.

"Hi! Stop!" shouted the boys, poking their heads around the corner of their hiding place.

Farmer Harrison was surprised all right, and he didn't look very pleased. He peered around to see where the shouts were coming from.

"Hands up!" cried George.

"Put that gun down, you young varmints," said Farmer Harrison. "And don't play such foolish jokes. Don't you know better than to point a gun at anybody? Put it down, I say. I'll be telling your fathers about you."

Then it happened.

"Bang!" The gun went off. Farmer Harrison gave a loud cry and tumbled out of the driver's seat, blood all over his face.

"Oh, what have you done!" cried Philip. "You've shot him!"

"But I didn't mean to!" cried George, terrified. "I only pulled the trigger. But I thought it wasn't loaded. Oh dear, what shall we do? What shall we do? Perhaps he's dead. And I only meant to give him a fright! Oh dear, oh dear!"

By this time people were running toward the wagon, for the sound of the gun and the farmer's cry had been heard a long way off. They picked him up and carried him into Philip's house. Then someone phoned for the doctor and an ambulance. Philip's father and George's father rushed in just as soon they heard about the accident, but Philip and George were nowhere to be found. They had run away to the barn and hid there, out of fright and shame at what they had done.

Fortunately for them, the charge in the gun was only

birdshot, but it had made a sad mess of the poor old man's face. At least twenty pellets had entered his cheeks, nose, and lips, every one of which had to be carefully removed by a surgeon at the hospital. Many weeks passed before he was fully recovered. By that time there was a large bill to be paid.

What happened to George and Philip? Well, I know what happened to George, for his father told me himself. He insisted that George should pay Farmer Harrison's hospital bill if it took him all his life. So George, with many a tear, took all his savings, every single penny, and paid them to the hospital. Then he started to work and, week by week, as he earned a little money, he took it down to the hospital and paid it in on the farmer's account. For months and months he never had a dime for himself. Sometimes he thought his father was being too hard on him, but his father said that no lesson was too severe to impress on a boy's mind that he should never play with guns.

George learned his lesson all right, though he had to learn it the hard way. Never again did he even dream of pointing a gun at anybody.



Vera was one of those very lively little girls—you know the kind. Full of high spirits. Always getting into mischief. The kind that makes mother tired and gives father headaches.

This particular afternoon Vera had been a little more lively than usual, and when the time came for her to go to bed no one was more happy than her mother.

“At last!” sighed mother, as she went downstairs after tucking Vera into bed and kissing her good night. “Now, perhaps, I can have a little peace.”

Mother went into the dining room, now quiet and still. Feeling very tired, she decided to lie on the sofa for a little while and take a rest. Gradually she felt herself falling asleep. Then, before her eyes were quite closed, something began to happen.

Very slowly, very softly, the dining room door began to open. A little more, and a little more.

Who could it be? thought mother, frightened.

Then, what do you suppose? From behind the door came a white-robed figure. It was little Vera in her nightie.

Mother did not move. Nor did she say a word. She just pretended to be asleep, and watched.

Vera tiptoed across the soft carpet over to the dining table.

Now in the middle of the table was a large bowl of apples, oranges, and nuts. On top of all was a big bunch of grapes. Vera had been looking at this bunch of grapes all day, wishing that it might be hers. Now she reached out her hand, picked up the grapes, and tiptoed out of the room, closing the door very quietly behind her.

Of course she thought that nobody had seen her. But mother, as usual, had seen everything. Mother always does!

But now mother was feeling very sad.

"To think that my Vera would do a thing like that!" she said to herself. "To think that my own little girl would wait till she thought I was not looking and then creep down here to steal that bunch of grapes! Oh dear, what shall I do? What shall I say to her?"

Then, just as mother was feeling very much upset, something began to happen again.

Once more the dining room door began to open—very softly, very slowly. From behind it came the same little white-robed figure. It was Vera again, still in her nightie and still clasping the bunch of grapes tightly in her hand.

Tiptoeing over to the table, she put the bunch of grapes back in exactly the same place that she had found it. Then, in a big, loud voice, she said, "And there, Mr. Devil, that's where you get left."

After that she turned around and started for the door. But before she had reached it, mother was on her feet and her arms were clasped about Vera's neck.

"O darling!" she cried. "I'm so glad you won the victory over that temptation!"

What a happy time they both had then!

I like to think of what must have happened on the stairs that evening. All the way up, the voice of the tempter had said, "Go on, Vera; grapes have a lovely taste. Take one. Nobody will know. It will be all right. Mother will never find out."

At the same time another voice inside her had said, "No, don't, Vera. That would be stealing. That would be wrong. Mother wouldn't like it. Be a good girl and take those grapes back! Put them on the table where you found them."

Somewhere on the stairs the victory was won and after that everything turned out so happily—as it always does when we fight temptation and win.

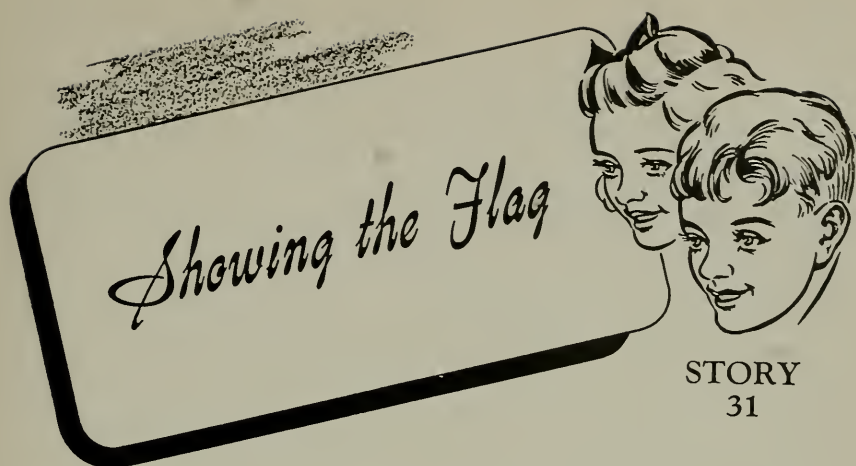
Every boy and girl is tempted at some time or other to do something wrong. Sometimes the temptation is very strong indeed. Sometimes you may wonder what is the right thing to do. But if you listen to that little voice that speaks within your heart, the voice of conscience, you will not make a mistake. Jesus will give you the victory.



LAMBERT

It Is the Most Fun Learning How to Make Things Yourself





It happened in those dark, sad days soon after Norway had been invaded by a cruel enemy. Enemy soldiers were in every city and village. Enemy flags were flying over every public building. Enemy police were everywhere to see that the people obeyed the laws of the conqueror.

The king of Norway had fled to England, together with as many of the country's leaders as could get away in time. Many brave young men had followed them, sailing in little boats across the North Sea to join those who were planning someday to set their country free. But most of the people had to stay and put up with all the hard conditions, waiting and longing for the day of liberation. Many were put in prison, others were killed, and a great many had their money and goods taken away from them.

Those were sad days indeed. For a long time it seemed as if freedom would never come again, and many people became very much discouraged. In their hearts

they were still loyal to their king, their country, and their flag, but they did not dare say anything about them, except to their closest friends, and then only in secret, when they were quite sure that nobody else was listening.

One of the worst things to bear was the fact that they were not allowed to hear what was going on in other parts of the world, except as the news was told to them by the enemy. Here and there a few brave people had hidden radio sets and listened to the news from England or America, then passed it on by word of mouth to others. But it was a very dangerous thing to do. Anyone caught doing so was punished severely. So oftentimes the people felt very lonely, cut off from all their friends.

Then one day a beautiful thing happened. A Catalina flying boat from England was on patrol along the Norwegian coast. It was manned entirely by a Norwegian crew, and was out looking for enemy ships and submarines. Part of its duty was to take photographs of the coast line and anything of special interest it might discover.

Its job for this day was done, and the time had come to return to base, but the pilot suddenly headed the plane inland and zoomed down toward a tiny town on one of Norway's beautiful bays, or fiords. Perhaps it was his own home village. I do not know. But how happy he was to see the familiar place again! So were all the members of the crew. Every one of them looked down eagerly.

Suddenly the pilot cried, "Look! The people have recognized us. They're waving!"

They were. Far below, the people were rushing out of their houses and waving frantically. Word had spread from mouth to mouth that an Allied plane was coming toward them. It had been recognized by the marks on its wings. Nothing so wonderful had happened for months. They cried for joy.

And then, oh, glorious sight! As the plane circled above the village, the people saw something strange take place. At first it seemed to them as if the crew of the plane were trying to throw out a long piece of colored rag. Then suddenly the breeze caught it and lo, there, draped beside the plane, was a huge Norwegian flag! Their own dear flag! The flag they had not seen for so long and were no longer permitted to fly. And there it was, waving above them. They laughed and cried and waved until at last the plane turned westward and gradually disappeared from view.

How the hearts of the people were cheered! They knew now that they were not forgotten. They were reminded that strong friends were thinking of them, caring for them, planning for them. Their hopes rose again. They felt that they could endure anything now—anything, for had they not seen their flag? Surely the day of deliverance could not be far away.

Like those poor people of Norway we all, in a way, dwell in the land of the enemy. The Bible tells us that, long ago, the whole world was invaded by Satan, the great enemy of God. "He was cast out into the earth,

and his angels were cast out with him." Revelation 12:9. They took control and hoisted the flag of the enemy everywhere they could. That is what has made the world so sad, and filled its history with tales of war and cruelty and sorrow. That is why there is so much sin everywhere today.

But all down the years there have been people who have been loyal to God. They have refused to do the wrong things that Satan wanted them to do. They have hoped and believed that one day God would break the power of the enemy and set them free. Yet sometimes they have wondered how it could possibly happen, for the enemy has seemed so strong and God so far away.

Then, when they have become tired and sad and hopeless, they have seen the flag again. Heaven's flag! And they have been reminded that God still lives and cares for them.

Heaven's flag? What is that? The Bible tells us in the twentieth chapter of Exodus, verses 8-11:

"Remember the Sabbath day, to keep it holy. Six days shalt thou labor, and do all thy work: but the seventh day is the Sabbath of the Lord thy God: in it thou shalt not do any work, thou, nor thy son, nor thy daughter, thy manservant, nor thy maidservant, nor thy cattle, nor thy stranger that is within thy gates: for in six days the Lord made heaven and earth, the sea, and all that in them is, and rested the seventh day: wherefore the Lord blessed the Sabbath day, and hallowed it."

Yes. There it is. As the Sabbath comes to us week by week, every seventh day, it is like a flag waved from heaven. It tells us that the Lord really owns "heaven and earth." He made them. They are His. The earth may have been captured by the enemy, but Jesus will retake it one day.

The Sabbath reminds us that we have powerful friends on our side. It tells us, again and again, week by week, that if we are on God's side, we are on the winning side. Our cause, His cause, cannot be defeated.

Satan may seem strong, but Jesus is infinitely stronger. "All power," He said, "is given unto Me in heaven and in earth." Matthew 28:18. If He made heaven and earth, the sea, "and all that in them is," there is nothing He cannot do. There is nothing too hard for Him. He is Creator, Redeemer, Friend.

So as the Sabbath comes week by week, let us welcome it as we would a flag waving in the sky. It is God's blessed assurance that He will never leave us nor forsake us, that the final victory will be His.



Elsie was really a very good girl. In fact, as far back as she could remember, she had always done what she was told to do, right on the minute. The idea that she might disobey her mother had never even occurred to her. That is, not until one day at school. Then she heard something that very much surprised her.

Two girls were talking in rather loud voices. One was saying, "Well, when my mother told me to come indoors because it was getting dark, I just didn't do it. She said, 'Come on in!' I said, 'I won't!'"

"Then what happened?" asked the other girl.

"Oh, she just chased me," said the first girl, "but I ran away. I can run much faster than she can."

"Well," said the second girl, "I did the same. When my mother asked me to wash the dishes last night, I said, 'I won't.'"

"And what happened to you?"

"Nothing. I just stomped out of the kitchen and

slammed the door. Mother never said even a word."

Elsie was horrified. To think that any girl would treat her mother like that! It was terrible. But perhaps they were only boasting to each other, as some girls do. She thought she would ask.

"Excuse me for joining in," she said, "but I couldn't help hearing what you said. It made me wonder whether you love your mothers."

"Oh, yes, we love them all right," said the first girl, "but we don't do what they tell us any more. That's old-fashioned."

"Old-fashioned?" repeated Elsie.

"Sure it is," said the second girl. "Why, do you do what your mother says?"

"Of course," said Elsie. "I have never thought of doing anything else."

"You will," said the first girl, with a sneer.

"I hope not," said Elsie; but the evil seed had been planted in her heart. Though she did not think about it very much, it went on growing, growing, growing.

As she went about her home, helping mother, she began to wonder whether, after all, there might be something in what those girls had said. Perhaps it was old-fashioned to obey. Perhaps she should refuse sometime. But how could she? It didn't seem right.

Then one day she got up a little later than usual and hurried downstairs without making her bed. She knew that wasn't allowed at all, but she thought that maybe for once she might get away with it. But no. Mother soon discovered the undone task.

"Elsie!" came a voice from the top of the stairs. "Come back and make your bed, dear."

Perhaps because she was in a hurry; perhaps because mother seemed far enough away so that it wouldn't matter; perhaps because she just forgot herself, Elsie said, "I won't."

She didn't say it very loud or very defiantly. In fact, it was only a little louder than a whisper, and most people as far away as mother was would never have heard. But mother did; trust mother for that. Like a streak of lightning she was downstairs.

"What was that, dear?" she asked.

Elsie was silent now. How she wished she had never said anything at all!

"What was it, dear?" mother asked again.

"Nothing," said Elsie.

"Oh, yes," said mother. "I heard. And I am very, very sorry."

There was such a look of sadness in mother's face that Elsie began to cry.

"What made you say it?" asked mother. "You have never said that in all your life."

"I heard it at school," said Elsie. And then she told mother all she had heard the other girls saying about their mothers.

"Now I understand," said mother sadly. "But let me tell you, Elsie, dear, it is never old-fashioned to obey your mother. It never can be. It never will be. Just as long as love lasts—the love of mothers for their girls and the love of girls for their mothers—so long will

obedience be a lovely and beautiful thing. When children begin to disobey it means that their love is beginning to fail, that they don't care so much for their mothers as they used to do. And you wouldn't want to love me less, would you?"

"Oh, no, no," cried Elsie, throwing her arms around mother's neck. "I want to love you more and more all the time, ever and ever. I'll always do what you want me to do."

And with that she dashed upstairs, and the bed was made before you could say Jack Robinson.

That day, as Elsie walked to school, there was a new joy in her heart. She knew she had learned a secret the other girls didn't know or understand.



EWING GALLOWAY

"Big as This," Said Ned



STORY
33

Ned had just found Ted down by the river. Ted was fishing with a homemade fish-pole.

"Any luck?" asked Ned, sitting down beside his friend.

"Naw," said Ted in disgust. "Fishing's no good around here today."

"You should have been here yesterday," said Ned.

"Why?" asked Ted.

"I hauled them in by the bucketful," said Ned boastfully. "Great big ones."

"Oh, you did, did you?" said Ted. "You always do, when nobody's looking." Then, not to be outdone, he added, "So did I one day last week. Biggest ones you ever saw."

"I bet they weren't as big as mine," said Ned.

"Yes, they were," said Ted. "How big were yours?"

"Big as this," said Ned, putting his hands about nine inches apart.

"Bah!" sneered Ted, laying down his rod. "I caught some at least this big," putting his hands over a foot apart.

"Oh, but the ones I was telling you about," said Ned, "were just the little ones."

"Then how long were your big ones?" asked Ted.

"Long as this," said Ned, stretching his hands to about eighteen inches.

"Ha, ha!" laughed Ted. "That's nothing. My biggest one was much longer than that."

"I don't believe it," said Ned. "How big?"

"This big," said Ted, moving his hands still farther apart.

"Go on, go on!" sneered Ned. "Make them bigger and bigger. Pretty soon you'll be telling me you caught a whale. A whale in this river! Ha, ha!"

"If you say any more about my fish," said Ted, getting angry, "I'll throw you into the river yourself. Then you can find out how big the fish really are."

"No, you won't."

"Yes, I will."

"You wouldn't dare."

"Yes, I would," said Ted, rising to his feet.

What might have happened had the quarrel gone farther, I don't know, but just then Ted's rod began to move. It shivered, ever such a little.

"I've got a bite!" he shrieked. "I've got a bite! Hurrah! Hurrah!"

Instantly the quarrel was forgotten, as two pairs of eyes turned to watch the surface of the water.

"I've got it! I'm sure I have!" shouted Ted.

"I believe I can see it," said Ned. "There, under that reed."

"Boy, oh, boy! It's a big one," said Ted. "Feels like the biggest yet."

"Let me feel it too," pleaded Ned.

Ted let him hold the pole for a moment.

"You're right!" cried Ned. "It's tugging harder than any I ever caught before. It must be a big fellow. Bring him in carefully. Don't let him go. Carefully now. Carefully!"

Ted cautiously drew in his line. Then, with one big swish! he threw the fish onto the bank.

It was exactly four inches long.

They were both silent for a while as they stood looking at their catch. Then they both burst out laughing.

"That little fish has shown us both up," said Ned.

"It has," said Ted.

That evening, when they told mother all about it, she said that they had both had a good lesson in truth-telling—and all from the catching of a tiny fish. "Always be careful to tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth," she said, "even about fishing."

They tried hard to remember. Certainly it was a long time before either of them said anything at all about the size of the fish he caught.



KEYSTONE

To Be Strong, a Boy Must Eat Proper Foods, Exercise Well, Get a Full Night's Sleep,
and Keep Clean



Have you ever heard of Atlas? I don't mean a book with maps in it, but a man. A man who was supposed to be so strong that he picked up the whole world and held it on his shoulders!

Well, Maurice had heard of him and was very much impressed by the story—especially by a picture of Atlas that he found in a magazine.

What muscles! What limbs! How strong he was! Holding up the whole world!

Of course daddy explained that the story was only a legend of olden times, but that didn't make any difference to Maurice. He looked at Atlas with great wonder and admiration. That was the sort of man he wanted to be—big, strong, powerful, with muscles of iron, legs like pillars of granite, and a chest like, well, like an ox's. He wanted to be able to carry the world on his back, too.

"Dad," he said one day, "I want to be like Atlas when I grow up. How does a person get that way?"

"You'll never be like Atlas," said dad, "unless you change the way you live."

"What do you mean?" asked Maurice.

"I mean that you don't do the things one must do if he wants to grow big and strong."

"Well, what do I have to do?" said Maurice.

"For one thing you must stop your bad habit of going to bed late. I never saw anybody like you for making excuses to stay up. That's one reason why you are so sleepy in the mornings and can't keep up with the other boys at school."

"Then I'll go to bed early. What else?"

"Drink all the milk that mother gives you, and don't give any of it to the dog when she's not looking."

"But I don't like milk."

"Maybe you don't, but milk is good for you. It's one of the best foods you can take. If you want to build a strong body, you must eat and drink the things that build strong bodies. There's no other way. And that goes for the cabbage and other greens that you turn up your nose at. They are full of vitamins, and without vitamins you can never grow properly."

"Does that mean I have to eat all the cabbage mother puts on my plate?"

"It surely does. You have been let off far too often. That's another reason why you're not feeling fit. You're starved."

"Starved?"

"Yes, starved from want of the things that would help to keep you in tip-top condition. You fill your

stomach up with sweets that aren't good for you."

"I suppose I'll have to eat greens after this."

"Yes. And there's something else, while we are on the subject. You must stop eating candy between meals. You do it far too often and you don't realize what it does to you. When you eat just one piece of candy between meals, it takes the edge off your appetite. Then when lunchtime comes, or dinnertime, you don't want to eat the good things mother has prepared. That's why you make such a fuss and say you don't like this or that. Then you go away from the table not really fed. When you feel hungry again you eat more candy and spoil your appetite for the next meal. So it goes on, and you wonder why you don't feel strong and well."

"Oh!" said Maurice. "What a lot of things I shall have to do that I don't want to do!"

"Well," said dad, "it's up to you to decide what you want to do most. If you want to be like Atlas, you will surely have to change your ways of eating and drinking and sleeping. Maybe you will have to do some other things, too, such as taking more exercise. People don't grow big and strong simply by sitting around and hoping. Merely looking at pictures of strong men won't help you much. You have to live right."

"I think I'll try," said Maurice.

"Good lad!" said dad. "Let's start today."

"Atlas," said Maurice, looking at the picture before him, "here I come."



Rupert was forever talking about his "secret." Before school, in school, after school, he would whisper in Kenneth's ear that he had something in his pocket which would really give him a thrill if he could but see it.

At first Kenneth took no notice. For one thing he never had liked Rupert very much, and for another he didn't believe that Rupert had any "secret" at all. But the more Kenneth tried to leave Rupert alone, the more Rupert kept talking about his "secret" and pointing mysteriously to his pocket.

One afternoon during class, when the teacher's back was turned, Rupert leaned over and whispered in Kenneth's ear. It was the same old story; only this time he said, "Follow me into the woods on the way home and you'll really see something."

This was repeated as many times as the teacher turned to write on the board, and at last Kenneth began to think that perhaps, after all, he would do what

Rupert wanted. His curiosity was aroused. What could it be that Rupert had to show him that was so very wonderful? Why did it have to be shown in the woods, where nobody else could see it?

So when school was out Kenneth followed Rupert to the woods, wondering what he was going to see. When they had gone in some distance, and were surrounded by bushes, Kenneth stopped.

"Now I'll show you," said Rupert. "But it's a secret, mind, just between you and me."

"But what is it?" said Kenneth. "It must be something very wonderful to call for all this secrecy."

Slowly and mysteriously Rupert put his hand into his pocket and pulled out—a cigarette!

"Pshaw!" cried Kenneth. "So *that's* the wonderful secret! Just a dirty old cigarette."

"It isn't dirty and it isn't old," said Rupert. "What's more, there is something wonderful about this one. The man who gave it to me said so. He said that if you smoke it you will have marvelous dreams."

"Now look here, Rupert," said Kenneth. "I don't know what's happened to you, but you had better know right now that I'm not interested in your 'secret.' It's phony."

"Oh, come on," wheedled Rupert, seeming to take no notice of what Kenneth had said. "I've got two of them here. One for me and one for you."

"One for me!" cried Kenneth. "Oh dear, no. Not for me! I don't smoke, and I don't want to smoke. Smoking is a filthy habit, and nobody can do his best

in life if he uses tobacco. It's full of poisons too. So you can keep your old cigarettes—or better still, throw them in the bushes."

"Oh, Ken," coaxed Rupert. "It can't be as bad as that. And think of those dreams."

"Rubbish!" cried Ken. "I don't want to dream. I want to be awake. I want to live a decent, clean life. So that's that, Rupert. Good-by, and no more of your secrets for me, thanks."

"Ken! Ken!" cried Rupert.

But Ken was gone.



HOBART, BY MONKMEYER

Choose Friends Who Have an Interest in the Worth-while Things of Life



Lionel had been invited out to Basil's birthday party. He was very happy to go, though a little anxious lest he be asked to take part in something that his mother wouldn't approve.

On arrival at Basil's house, he found fifteen other boys and girls already there. The girls, of course, were dressed in lovely party frocks, and the boys in their very best suits. While they were waiting for the birthday supper to be served, they sat and giggled at one another, teased a bit, and timidly cracked the latest jokes.

Then came the food, lots and lots of it, followed by the birthday cake. How they enjoyed it all! And what appetites they did have!

Afterward the room was cleared for games. They played musical chairs and blindman's buff and hunt the thimble—in fact, every game that anybody could think of.

Lionel thought he had never enjoyed himself so much before. It was surely the best party he had ever

attended. Everybody was so friendly, and nothing had been said or done that couldn't have happened at home.

Then, when everybody was getting a little tired of the more active games, someone suggested that they all play cards.

"Yes!" cried several at once. "Who has the cards? Bring them out."

Instantly Lionel felt that all the joy of the party had gone. Cards! He couldn't play cards. Mother wouldn't like that at all. But what could he do? What could he say? It had been such a happy evening so far that he just hated to say anything that would spoil it. Oh dear! Maybe he could leave. Perhaps he could tell Basil that he had to be home at a certain time. Maybe——

But it was too late. Already the chairs and tables had been arranged and one of the boys was dealing out the cards. Yes, he was dealing out some to Lionel. What should he do? If he picked them up he would have to play. If he left them on the table, everybody would notice.

Lionel silently said a little prayer, then made his decision. He would not pick up the cards.

"All ready?" cried the leader. "Let's play."

Suddenly he noticed Lionel's cards lying face down on the table.

"Hi! Those are your cards, Lionel. Aren't you going to play?"

"I'd rather not," said Lionel, blushing.

"Don't you want to play?" cried Basil. "Why not?"

"Well, you see—er—I—er—don't play cards," said Lionel, anxious not to offend.

"Why not?" asked one of the other boys. "What's the matter with cards?"

"Well, I think—er—mother would rather I didn't play cards," said Lionel.

"Mamma's darling," said someone, and a few sniggered.

"No," said Basil, "he doesn't have to play cards if he doesn't want to. It's my party and he can do as he likes. But what's the matter with cards, I'd like to know?"

"Well, you see," said Lionel, "cards are often connected with gambling, which is a very bad thing."

"But we're not going to gamble," said Basil.

"No, no, of course not," said Lionel, "but it's just this: Those who play cards for fun so easily take the next step and play for money. My mother says it's much better not to play cards at all; then one will never be tempted to gamble with them. I think she's right, but don't let me spoil your fun. Just count me out of this game."

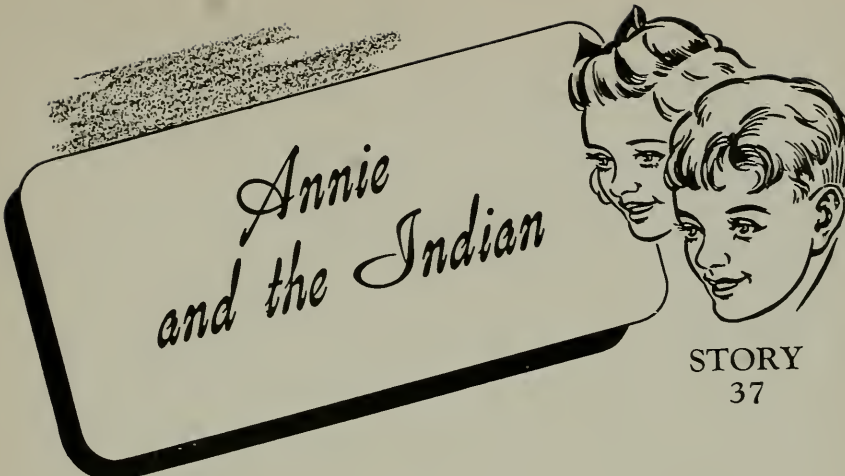
"I like what Lionel says," said Basil. "Perhaps he's right after all. Anyway, we won't have a game that he can't join in. Let's play something else."

So they did. And while some whispered a few unkind things about Lionel, they all secretly admired him for having the courage to be faithful and true to his convictions.



H. A. ROBERTS

The Indians Plotted Against the Settlers



Annie and the Indian

STORY
37

Annie isn't a little girl any more. In fact, if I guess aright, she must be somewhere about eighty years of age by now. But she can still remember the days when Indians roamed the great Northwest of America. When I was talking with her the other day she told me this true Indian story of her childhood.

With her father and mother she had gone west when she was just a little girl. At first they lived in a sod house dug out of a bank; the walls were made of earth, and the door of split logs. Later, when the farm was doing well, her father built a frame house, made of wood. When this was finished, he told Annie that she could have the old sod house for a playhouse.

This made Annie very happy. To have the old house all to herself seemed wonderful. Of course, she didn't sleep there. She just played keeping house when she wasn't busy helping mother.

The only sad thing about it was that there were no other little girls near enough to share the playhouse

with her. The next farm was miles away along a lonely trail through the forest. So Annie used to invite her mother to come and "visit" her sometimes. Then, as you can imagine, they had great fun together.

At this time, unknown to them, the Indians were on the warpath. They were killing white people and burning their houses. If mother and Annie had known about it, they would have been very much frightened, especially as father was away from home and would not be back for several days. Not having any telephone, however, and living in such a lonely spot, they had not heard the terrible news.

One day, as Annie was alone in her playhouse, there came a knock at her door. It was a very gentle knock, and she guessed that it was mother.

"Come in," she said, and in walked mother, smiling happily. In her hand she held a small package.

"I came to bring you a little apple pie I have just made," said mother.

"How lovely!" said Annie. "How kind of you, Mother! I love apple pie. Thank you so much!"

"I hope you enjoy it," said mother. "Now I must run home and get on with my work."

At this mother kissed Annie good-by and hurried home. Annie now started to "lay the table," so that she and her dollies could enjoy the pie together.

Just then a shadow passed the window. Annie looked up, surprised. Surely mother had not come back again so soon! But if not, who could it be?

Suddenly there was a loud banging on the door.

Annie was terrified. She stood quite still, wondering what to do.

The knocking continued. At last Annie decided to open the door and see who it was. In her fright she picked up the precious pie and took it with her to the door.

To her horror there, just outside, was an Indian in full war paint. In his hand was an ugly tomahawk.

Annie felt like screaming, but she was too frightened to do even that. She just stood and looked.

The Indian, himself surprised to see such a little girl alone in the house, talked away in his language, which, of course, Annie could not understand. Then he pointed at the pie, then at his mouth.

Suddenly Annie had a bright idea. Holding up the pie she said, trying to smile, "Take it, please take it, do."

The Indian did not need to be asked twice. He took the pie and started to eat it as if he were very hungry. Soon it was all gone. Then he walked away.

Hardly was he out of sight than Annie dashed out of her playhouse and hurried over to mother. Safely inside her real home, she told her exciting story.

Mother at once became very serious. Clearly, the Indians must be on the warpath again, and not far away. Perhaps they would come to her house and burn it. Perhaps they would come that very night! Oh! she thought, if only father would come home!

But he didn't come, and mother and Annie waited and wondered.

As evening drew on, they bolted the doors and piled all the furniture behind them. Then they sat alone together, scarcely saying a word to each other, they were so afraid.

Suddenly there came a loud thumping on the front door.

"The Indians!" whispered mother. "They're here!"

Neither of them moved, and the knocking continued. Presently Annie darted to a window and peeked out.

"It's the same Indian who came to my playhouse this morning," she whispered. "Mother, I have an idea."

"What is it?"

"Have you another apple pie?"

"Yes, why?"

"Give me one. I'll try it again."

Mother found a pie and gave it to Annie, who carefully opened the window a little way and passed the pie to the Indian.

"Please take it," she said prettily, smiling as best she could, though she was very much frightened.

The Indian took the pie, ate it greedily, and hurried off.

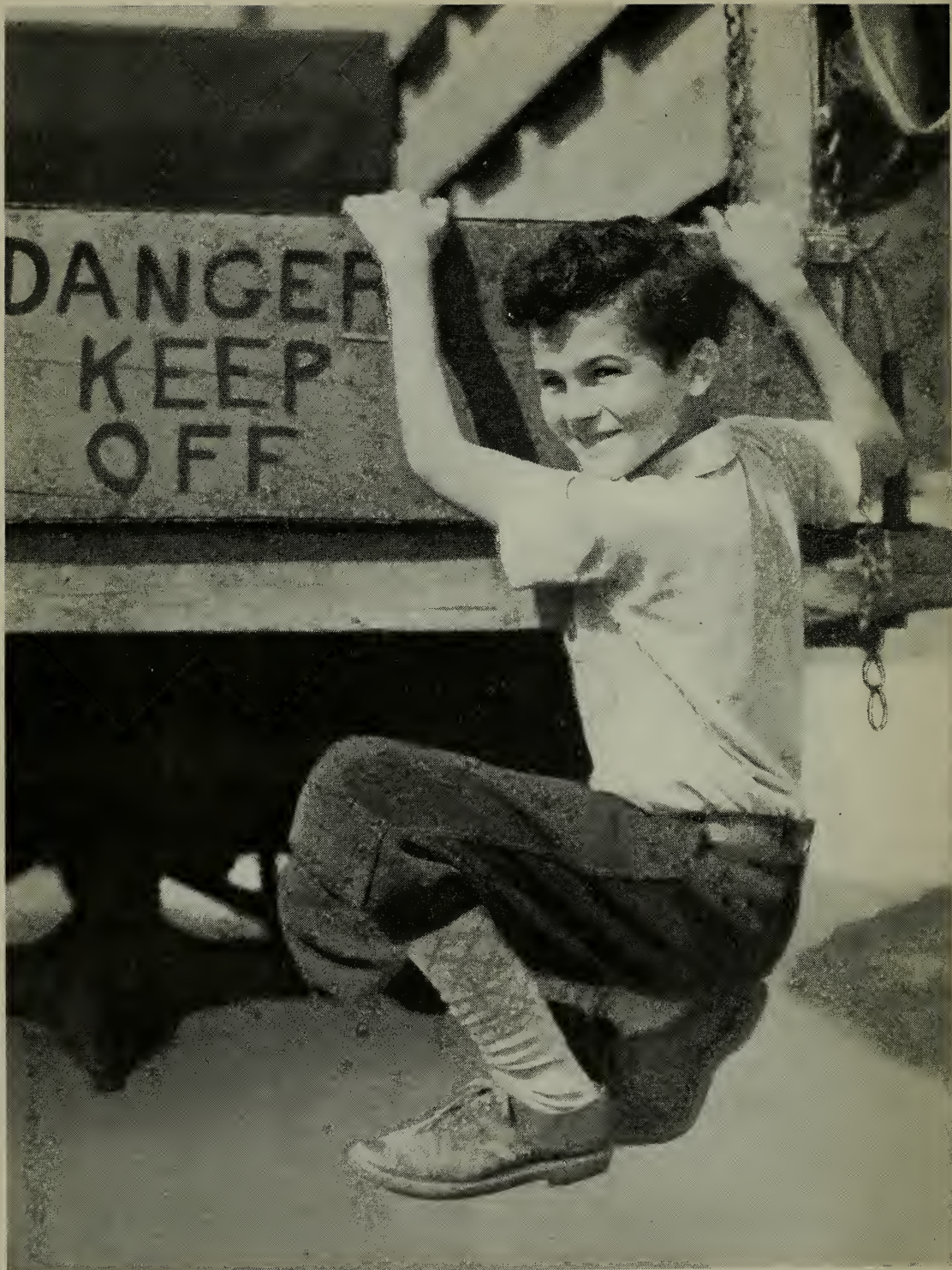
Mother and Annie never saw him again, but when the fighting was over and peace had been restored, they learned what really happened that night. Several other farms were burned, but theirs was spared. And it was all because of Annie's kindness to this Indian brave. He had gone back to his people and told them that this



The Indians Were on the Warpath Again and Burned the Settlers' Houses

farm was not to be touched. The white people there, he said, had fed him when he was hungry. They had given him something to eat that was better than anything he had ever tasted before.

So Annie and her mother were saved. Yes, saved by an apple pie and a little girl's smile! Surely kindness pays every time.



H. A. ROBERTS

"I Won't Fall Off," Said Dave



O Dave," said mother earnestly, "when *are* you going to learn? Something terrible will happen to you someday if you go on like this."

"Oh, no, it won't, Mother," said Dave. "Don't worry so. Nothing's going to happen to me."

"I hope it won't, Dave," said mother, "but you do take such risks. I saw you just now climbing right up to the very top of the big oak tree."

"But I was quite safe."

"But suppose one of the smaller branches had been dead and had broken off? You would have fallen thirty feet or more and broken your back, perhaps."

"But the branch didn't break."

"I know it didn't, Dave. But it might have broken. And then you were out there on that busy road this morning, riding your cycle without touching the handle bars. I don't like it, Dave. You do too many things like that."

"But it's fun to ride without touching the handle

bars, Mother. And I can ride just as well that way as the other. Who wants to be hanging onto the handle bars, anyway?"

"I know it looks smart," said mother, "but all the same you don't have as good control over the bicycle. And when there is so much traffic I think it's foolish to take such risks."

"O Mother, you always fuss so about what I do."

"Well, Dave," said mother, "I just don't want you to get into some serious accident and be crippled for life."

"But a fellow has to take risks," said Dave. "Life wouldn't be any fun if he didn't."

"Some risks," said mother, "but not unnecessary risks. That sort of risk isn't right. And that reminds me. Don't ever let me see you hanging on to the back of a truck again."

"Have you seen me do that?" asked Dave.

"I should say I have," said mother. "And I don't like it."

"Aw, Mother, that's nothing. You just hang on, and the truck gives you a free ride. There's nothing to it."

"But suppose you were to fall off?"

"But I won't fall off. I hold on tight."

"Maybe you do; but I'm afraid that one day you may not be able to hold on long enough."

"Oh, there you go again, Mother," said Dave. "Worry, worry, worry. I'll be all right. Nothing's going to happen to me, really."

So Dave went off to his play and mother went back to the kitchen to go on worrying. And well she might, for Dave was really a daredevil sort of boy, always ready to try the most dangerous "stunts," provided, of course, there were some other boys or girls looking on.

Barely had he got down to the main highway than he ran into a group of his friends.

"Hi!" they cried. "Who's ready to ride that truck over there?"

"Well, what's special about that truck?" asked Dave.

"Can't you see, Dave, it says, 'Danger: Keep OFF?'" said one boy. "I guess that means you. They say the driver is plenty mean and——"

"I'll ride it," said Dave. "Of course I will. Just you wait till he pulls out."

There was a saucy smile on Dave's face as he crept up behind the truck—so the driver wouldn't see him—then prepared to spring on when it would start away. The other boys went round in front to distract the driver's attention.

It was a big, powerful truck, and it started with a jerk which almost threw Dave off, but he held on, planning to clamber up inside just as soon as he could. But for some reason he couldn't quite make it. He swung his legs up, but he couldn't quite get them over. He tried and tried and tried, but they dropped back every time. He simply couldn't get a foothold.

Now the truck was gathering speed. Dave made another attempt, then another, but it was no use. Then he realized that he was getting tired. His arms were

aching. He felt he couldn't hold on much longer, yet he couldn't bring himself to let go, for at that speed he would hit the road with a terrible crack.

At last he decided to call to the truck driver and get him to stop, but his voice did not carry above the noise of the motor. The truck raced on. Faster. Faster. Dave's feet were dragging on the highway now. He was too tired to lift them any more.

Then the truck hit a hole and the jar was too much for Dave. He let go, hit the road, and everything faded out.

The next he knew he was in bed in a strange place that had lots of white beds in it. Mother was looking down at him.

"Where am I?" he whispered.

"In the hospital," said mother. "You broke your leg when you fell off that truck. But it will heal all right, the doctor says."

"I guess I dared once too often," he said.

"You're right," said mother. "Once too often."



Roland was about nine years of age when the following incident happened, but though he is much older now he has not forgotten the experience.

He had been working hard in his spare time and, for a boy, earning a nice little bit of money. Altogether he had saved four whole dollars, and he was very proud of the crisp dollar bills tucked away in his new brown leather purse. Every now and then he would pull them out and look at them. Sometimes he showed them to his friends.

Mother said that since he had earned the money himself, he really should pay a tithe of it to the Lord, and put the rest in the bank so he wouldn't lose it. But Roland said he would rather keep it in his purse. He would pay the tithe later, but he didn't want to break any of his four dollar bills, not yet, anyway.

One day he went over to play with the boys on a neighbor's farm. There was a tall tree there which they

all loved to climb. It was growing beside a mudhole that was usually crowded with pigs. Perhaps this was why the tree had grown so large.

Up the tree went Roland and his friends until they were hanging out on the limbs right over the mudhole of the pigpen. Suddenly in the midst of all the fun he noticed that his purse was missing.

Where could it have gone? He felt sure it had been in his pocket when he had started to climb the tree. Surely then it must have fallen out just a moment or two ago. He looked down, hoping to catch sight of it, but all he could see was the mudhole and the pigs wallowing in it.

In a flash he slid down the tree and started to search for his purse, but, alas, it was nowhere to be seen. After looking for a long, long time he sorrowfully went back home to tell mother the sad news. How he wished that he had taken her advice! How he wished he had paid his tithe and put the rest of the money in the bank!

Mother said that the only thing they could do now was to tell Jesus about it, and they did. Roland got down on his knees right away and told the Lord how sorry he was that he had not paid his tithe first. He promised to pay it at once if only Jesus would help him find his purse and the money again.

Several days passed. Over and over Roland prayed his little prayer, asking that his purse might be found. Then one afternoon he and his mother went back to the big tall tree to have yet another look. They came to the pigpen and watched the pigs flopping about in

the mud. It was a dismal sight for anyone hoping to find anything there.

All of a sudden the biggest pig in the pen gave a loud grunt. Mother and Roland looked up, and what do you suppose they saw? I will let Roland tell you in his own words: "Mamma and I looked up and there was that pig shaking my purse in his mouth, though it only looked like a muddy rag. I jumped into the pigpen and he dropped it. I rubbed off some of the mud, opened the purse, and all my money was still inside, for which we thanked the Lord."

How thankful he was! The very next thing he did was to pay forty cents' tithe, one tenth of four dollars. He wanted Jesus to know that he really was grateful for this wonderful answer to his prayer. And he made up his mind then and there to put God first in his life ever after. So far as I know, he always has.



STORY
40

Hiram Bingham had always wanted to be a missionary. Now his dream had come true. He was on his way to the South Sea Islands.

At last, after a long, rough voyage in a sailing ship—for it was the year 1857—he arrived at a lonely spot in the Gilbert Islands.

There he preached and worked for many years, doing his best to win the people to Jesus. But it was a difficult task, for in those days there was no Bible in the language of the people. Every text, every sermon, had to be translated by a native interpreter.

Gradually Hiram became more and more familiar with the language. Then he decided that he would translate at least a portion of the Bible, so that the native people could learn to read the Word of God in their own tongue. For a long time he worked on the book of Matthew, trying to make its beautiful message as simple and clear as he could.

At last it was finished. Then came the question,

how could he get it printed? There was nobody in all the Gilbert Islands who could do it. Certainly there was no printing press there, not in those days.

The nearest place that the book could be printed was in the Hawaiian Islands, more than two thousand miles away. But Hiram decided that it must be done. So he sent his precious manuscript on the mission ship to a printer in Honolulu. Then he waited and waited for thirteen months before he heard anything more about it. All that time he looked forward eagerly to getting his precious books.

At last the mission ship returned. There were many boxes on board for him, but not a single copy of the Gospel of Matthew! Not one. The manuscript had not been printed! What a disappointment! After all that long, long waiting, too.

Only one thing happened to cheer him at that time. Opening the boxes addressed to him, he found, of all things, a printing press! The people in Hawaii who couldn't print the book had sent him an old hand press with the suggestion that he print it himself.

But Hiram was not a printer. Although he studied the book of instructions as best he could, he couldn't make head nor tail of it. Soon he came to the conclusion that his Gospel of Matthew would never be printed if he had to print it on that press himself. Then how was it to be done? There wasn't anybody in all the Gilbert Islands who knew how a press worked. So there it lay.

Shortly after the mission ship had sailed again.

leaving Hiram Bingham with the old press but no Bibles, a strange and wonderful thing happened.

Hiram had prayed much that God would send someone to him who would be able to use the press and so print his precious manuscript of the Gospel of Matthew. Yet it seemed that his prayer could never be answered. Seldom did anyone visit the islands in those days. And why should a printer want to go where people could not read and where no printing press had ever been heard of before? Yet Hiram was sure that someday, in some wonderful way, God would answer.

One morning, looking seaward, he spied a small boat trying to reach the shore. He guessed that it must be a lifeboat from some ship that had been wrecked, and he was right. Then he wondered how many sailors were aboard, and how long they had been at sea in that frail little craft.

Then his heart leaped. Yes! There were signs of life in the boat. Three figures were waving.

Calling some natives to his aid, he succeeded in bringing the boat to land, with all three men aboard alive and well. As he had guessed, they were indeed survivors of a shipwreck. Their ship had gone down in a storm six hundred miles away, and they had been sailing ten days in search of an island. The rest of their crew had been drowned.

When the three men had eaten and rested, Mr. Bingham began to talk with them about themselves and their plans for the future. To his amazement one of them said, "I am a printer."

A printer! Only three men saved, and one a printer!

You can imagine how happy and thankful Hiram was when he made this discovery. At once he and his new-found friend began to plan about the printing of the precious manuscript. Mr. Hotchkiss—for that was the printer's name—was sure he could set up the press and, in fact, within a few weeks he had it in working order.

Some time later the first edition of the full Gospel of Matthew in the language of the people of the Gilbert Islands came from that press. One copy of it may still be seen at the head office of the American Bible Society in New York City.

As a result of the printing and preaching of the gospel in those far-off islands, almost the entire population accepted Christ. Today there are some twenty thousand Christians there. And God saved a printer from a shipwreck to make it possible!



STORY
41

If you were offered one million dollars on condition that you would do one wrong deed, would you accept it? Now think hard. A million dollars is a lot of money. It is a fortune. With it you could buy almost anything in the world you ever wanted. You could have the best house in town, two or three cars, and all the toys you have ever longed for.

Well, would you take it? Just for one wrong deed?

I cannot hear your answer, but I hope it is, "No! No! a thousand times No!" Because if you were to say Yes I would know that there is something weak in your character, something in your heart which, unless you get rid of it, will cause you to lose far more than a million dollars in the years to come.

The fact is that no one can afford to do wrong, whatever the price. Be the price one million, five million, or a hundred million dollars, it isn't worth it. For character is worth more than cash. Mountains of gold can never be so precious as the joy of knowing

that by God's grace you have kept yourself clean and pure and good in His sight.

But, you may say, nobody has ever been offered a million dollars to do one wrong thing. It never happened, so how can anyone tell what he would do if he were offered so much?

But it did happen. There was once a lad—not long ago either—who refused not only one million dollars rather than do wrong, but five million!

His name was Fred—Fred Charrington. His father was a brewer and very wealthy. His brewery business was worth at least five million dollars, all of which was to go to Fred upon his father's death.

While still a young boy, he was given work in the brewery, his father planning that someday he would grow up to take his place as owner and general manager.

Then one evening something happened which changed Fred's life forever. He was walking along one of the poor, dingy streets near the brewery when he came to a saloon. Outside, on the sidewalk, stood a poor woman with a shawl over her shoulders and two small children clinging to her skirts. The woman pushed open the door of the saloon and called to someone inside, "O Tom, do give us some money; the children are crying for bread."

At this moment a rough, red-faced man appeared in the doorway. Instead of giving the poor woman money, he struck her a fierce blow which caused her and the two children to roll over into the gutter.

Fred was horrified and very angry, but as he wondered what to do he suddenly looked up. There, above him, he saw his own name. Across the front of the saloon, in large red letters, he read, "Charrington and Company, Brewers."

In a flash he realized that he was responsible for this tragedy. Yes! He and his father and all who were making money from the sale of beer—all of them were to blame for this cruel, drunken deed. In later years he said, "The blow that knocked that woman down knocked me out of the drink trade."

Just what was said when he returned to the brewery to tell his father of his decision, I do not know. But I do know that Fred kept his word. He sacrificed his interest in the business and devoted himself to preaching the gospel among the poor people who lived all around the brewery. He did his utmost to warn them of the evils of drink, and led hundreds to give it up.

Fred began preaching in a little tent, but so many people came to listen to him that he moved to a large hall and finally built a great assembly hall seating four thousand persons.

Did Fred win or lose when he gave up five million dollars rather than do wrong?

He won.

If he had stayed in the brewery he might have made a lot of money, but he would have been only a brewer, despised and cursed by a host of people whose lives his trade had ruined. But because he left the brewery and gave up his right to the five million dollars, his name

will be remembered forever in the story of London town.

A few years after Fred began his gospel work, the lord mayor of London visited the mission and paid for the entertaining of nearly three thousand of the poor people gathered there. Once a year ever since he has done the same. The lord mayor would never have bothered to visit Fred if he had been only a brewer.

One day the Prince of Wales came to see the mission. He was greatly impressed by what he saw. Since then the king of England has provided one meal a year for all the poor people there. The king would never have bothered—for a brewer.

But more precious than the favor of kings, princes, and lord mayors has been the love and gratitude of thousands whose lives Fred Charrington blessed. To them there was no one like him—this man who gave up so much that he might bring the gospel of God's grace to them. And to him there was no joy like that of seeing so many find happiness and victory over temptation through Jesus.

Someone who knew Fred well once said that there "came to him the amazing thought that five million dollars in gold are as the weight of a feather when balanced against the joy of doing a thing that is eternally right."

That's a grand idea to come into any boy's mind. Or any girl's, for that matter. Let us make up our minds to do right, always, cost what it may.



H. M. LAMBERT

Looks Thankful and Happy, Doesn't She?



Could you think of seventy things to say Thank you for, all at once? Maybe you could, but I wouldn't be surprised if you slowed up a little after fifteen or twenty. Seventy is a lot—but let us get to our story.

It happened in the month of November, several years ago. In the family were father, mother, and five children, seven in all. Father, alas, was out of work, and no money was coming into the house to pay the bills. Week by week the family became poorer and poorer until all their savings were used up. After that they began using up the last of the food on hand, until, as the mother told me herself, "we were out of nearly everything to eat except some home-canned goods. I had even baked the last of the flour into bread, and still there was no work for my husband."

Well, do you know what this dear mother did? She had great faith in the Lord Jesus and believed that in some wonderful way He would come to their rescue

before it was too late. So, even though they had little, and it seemed as if they would soon be starving, she decided they would have a thanksgiving service all by themselves and thank God for all His blessings. That was a brave thing to do, wasn't it?

And she did. She gathered the family together and said, "Now, let's each take a piece of paper and a pencil and write down ten things for which we are thankful."

Then they all began to write—all seven of them. And it didn't take them very long either, nor did it take too much biting of the pencil ends while they were trying to think what to put down. Soon all the lists were completed. Seven lists. Ten items on each. That made seventy altogether. Seventy Thank you's.

Then each one read out his list until all the seventy had been read. By that time they were feeling very grateful to the Lord for all His kindness to them—and had almost forgotten about the things they thought they needed. They stopped worrying, for they felt sure that He who had given them seventy reasons for thanks would not forsake them now.

Then each one said a little prayer of gratitude—lovely, beautiful prayers—and all went off to bed, fully assured that something would happen soon.

It did. Next day the children waited at the mailbox in great hope and expectation. Perhaps, who could tell, the Lord would choose to answer their prayers through a letter.

At last the mailman came. He brought but one

letter. Just one. But the children rushed indoors with it, crying, "Open it quickly, Mother; open it! There must be some money in it."

Mother opened it and, believe it or not, a check for ten dollars fell out. An uncle had sent it, having felt impressed that the family needed help. How happy they were! To those dear children it seemed as if God had sent that money right out of heaven. In a way, He had.

A day or two later the uncle himself came to visit them, found out just how they were situated, and offered the husband work. Then all their troubles were over.

"But I shall always be glad we had the thanksgiving meeting first," said the mother to me. And so am I. It's a grand thing to say Thank you to Jesus when you are in trouble. And if you can say Thank you seventy times, well, I know His help will be near indeed.



Did you ever wonder how everything in the world began? Most boys and girls do at some time or other.

A little girl I know has just started thinking along this line. Such questions she asks! How was this made? Who started that? Where did the other thing come from? Until at last I have to say, "Well, that's all for now, thank you!" Then she is quiet for a little while, storing up more questions for the next time she gets me alone.

One evening, as I was reading her a story, she stopped me in the middle and said, "How are books made?" So I left the story and began to explain that books are made of paper.

"Yes, but how is paper made?"

"Well," I began, thinking hard, "paper is made from wood, which is ground up into very small pieces, then boiled until it becomes a pulp. Then it is passed through great rollers, which press it all out flat—"

"But how is wood made?" she interrupted.

So I stopped telling her about papermaking and started to tell how wood, of course, comes from trees.

"Lumbermen go into the forests," I said, "and with great saws and sharp axes cut down the trees. Then the trunks are hauled to sawmills and cut up into boards and—"

"But how are trees made?"

I could see we were heading into difficulties.

"Trees aren't made," I said. "They grow."

"I know," she said. "But what do they grow from?"

"A little seed in the ground."

"But where did the seed come from?"

"Another tree."

"But where did that tree come from?"

"A seed from another tree before it."

"Then," and here came the sixty-four-dollar question, "where did the first tree come from?"

"God made it," I said, and that settled that, for the time being.

Another evening when I was saying good night to her, she said, right out of the blue, "How is light made?"

"Light!" I said, stalling for time. "What light?"

"That light," she said, pointing to the electric globe.

"Well," I said, "you just turn the switch and—"

"I know that," she said, "but what makes the light come into the globe?"

"Well—er—um—electricity," I said. "An electric current runs along the wires that are hidden in the wall and heats a very thin wire inside the globe. When that

thin wire becomes white hot, which it does very, very quickly, well—er—it makes a light.”

“I see,” she said, thinking up more trouble for me. “But where does the electric current come from?”

“The power station,” I said. “The big one, you know, that we saw once up by the dam.”

“Why is it up by the dam?”

“Because the dam piles up the water behind it, the water is forced through pipes to drive big dynamos, and the dynamos make the electricity.”

“What is a dynamo?”

“Now look here,” I said, “it’s about time you went to sleep.”

“But, Daddy,” she said, “just one more question.”

“What is it?” I asked anxiously.

“Who made electricity first?”

“God did,” I said with finality and kissed her good night.

But if I thought I had finished with her questions I was sadly mistaken. A few evenings later she started on another line. This time it was pigeons. Her older brother had a number of them—too many of them, I always thought—in a wire cage opposite the back door. The pigeons were always a source of interest to her, and she loved to feed them and watch them talk to each other. That is why I was met one evening with the following:

“Daddy, where do pigeons come from?”

“From eggs,” I said, thinking I had got out of this one easily.

"I know that, of course," she said. "Some eggs hatched the other day."

"Well, then," I said, "what more do you want to know? Those eggs were laid by the pigeons."

"Of course, Daddy," she said. "But listen; those eggs were laid by pigeons, which were hatched out of eggs laid by other pigeons, which were hatched out of eggs laid by other pigeons, which were hatched——"

"That's enough," I said. "I understand perfectly. What you want to know is whether the egg came first or the pigeon. Isn't that right?"

"That's right," she said.

"It was the pigeon."

"Then how came the pigeon?"

"God made it," I said, kissing her good night again and hurrying out of the room for safety.

But worse was to come. Thinking about how pigeons began led her to question the origin of dogs. And this was but natural, for only a few weeks before, Sooty, the black cocker, had just presented her with triplets, two brown and one black.

"Daddy," she said the next evening, "let's talk about dogs tonight."

"All right," I said. "Anything to please you. What about dogs?"

"I've been wondering," she said, "where dogs come from."

"Well," I said, "you know yourself that they come from puppies. Sooty has just had her puppies; but a year or so ago she was a puppy, too."

"I know that," she said. "I remember when we bought her. But her mother was a puppy once, and her mother was a puppy once, and her mother was a puppy once, and her mother——"

"Yes, darling," I said, wondering how far back she really intended to go. "Of course, that is how dogs have come for hundreds and thousands of years."

"I suppose so," she said. "But when you get far, far back, just as far as you can go," and she screwed her whole face into a puzzled frown, "do you get to a tiny puppy or a mamma dog?"

"A dog," I said. "I am confident of that. A dog."

"Then where did that dog come from?"

"God made it," I said. And, of course, there was nothing else to say. So I kissed her good night once more and begged her to start thinking up questions on some easier subject next time.

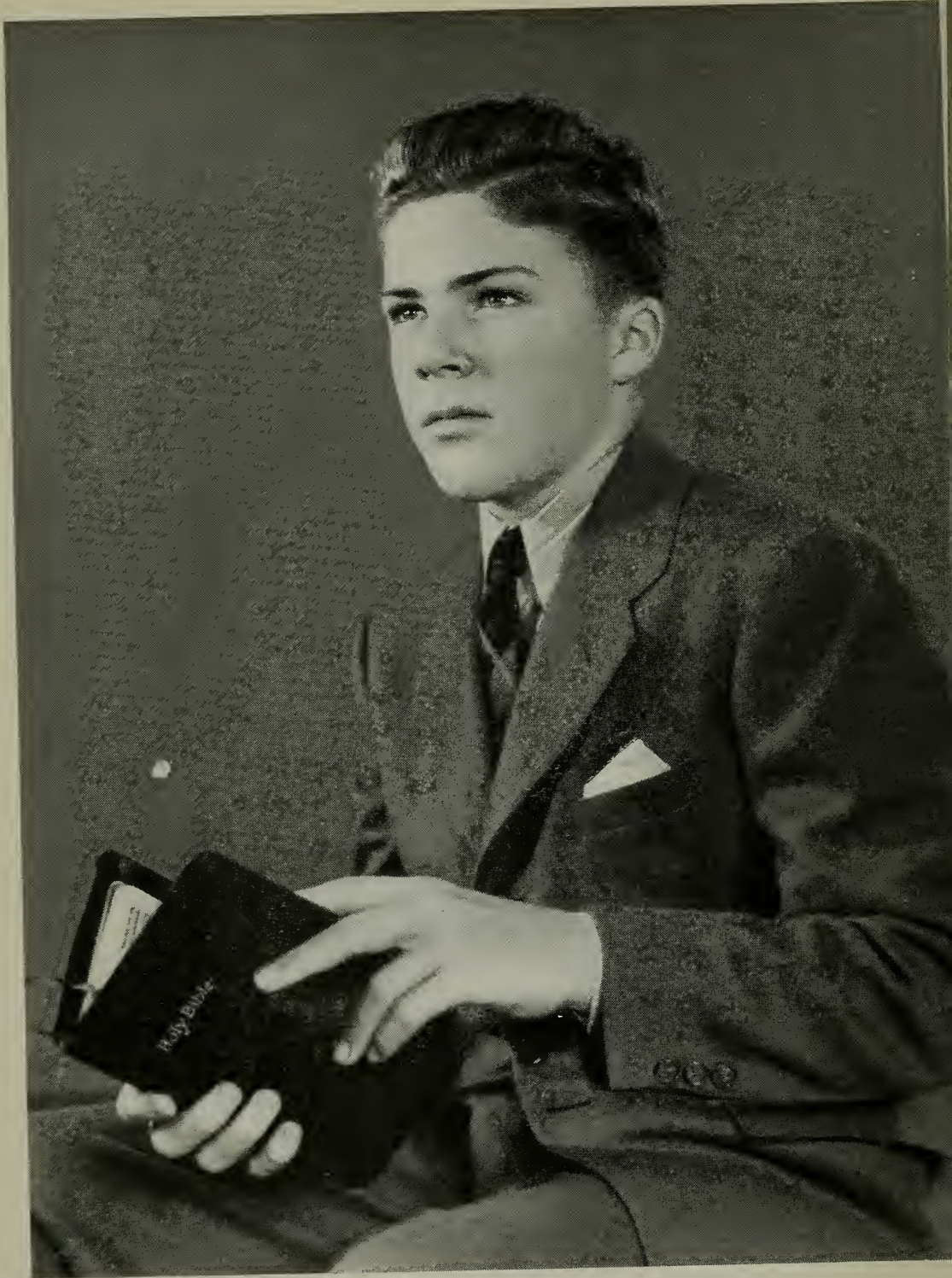
But she didn't. Instead, she got me panting over such questions as, How does the grass grow? and, What makes the sun shine? and, Why do we have daisies and daffodils in the garden? and so many that there isn't room here to tell you about them all. At last I thought it was about time I told her something she really ought to know about all these things; and this is what I'll tell you, too, in the next story.



If you really want to get right back to the beginning of things; if you want to know, for instance, how light began, how trees began, how fishes began, how birds began, how animals began, there is just one place to go to find out. And that is to the very first chapter of the Bible. The first four words of it are among the most wonderful in this whole wonderful Book. Look at them: "In the beginning God."

How much these four words say! *In the beginning*, farther back than you or I can think, there was God. Before there was a man or a dog or a pigeon, or any kind of animal or bird, there was God. Before there were any flowers, or trees, or mountains, or rivers, before there was anything at all on this old world, there was God. He did not begin. He always was, "from everlasting to everlasting."

And that is such a comforting thought, by the way. He was there when the world began. He will be there when it ends. And He is there all the time between.



H. A. ROBERTS

In the Bible We Find the True Story of How the World Began

As the Bible says, He is "the same yesterday, and today, and forever."

But look at that first verse of Genesis. It goes on to say, "In the beginning God created the heaven and the earth." In other words, everything we see in nature, whether in the sky or in the earth about us, came from Him. He created all. That is, He made it out of something that did not exist before.

How did God do it? That is something we shall never fully understand. In the Psalms we read: "By the word of the Lord were the heavens made; and all the host of them by the breath of His mouth." "For He spake, and it was done; He commanded, and it stood fast." Psalms 33:6, 9.

Evidently all God had to do to make things was to speak. He said what He wanted to happen and it happened.

If you say, "Well, I can't believe that," then, all I can say is that that is one of the things we must believe or we have no starting point for anything. As one Bible writer says, "Through faith we understand that the worlds were framed by the word of God." And that is a good thing to say. In fact, it is the only thing one can say. "By faith I understand God did it this way." Or, "I can't explain just how God did it, but I believe He is wise enough and strong enough to do just what He says He has done."

And now let us see what things were like "in the beginning" of the history of this world. In the second verse of the first chapter of Genesis we read, "And the

earth was without form, and void; and darkness was upon the face of the deep."

That sounds like a pretty gloomy picture. If you have ever tried to look over a rough sea on a dark night, you will know what the world looked like "in the beginning." There was not a man to be seen anywhere, not a single boy or girl, not a dog or a pigeon, not a tree or a flower—only water and darkness everywhere.

Then God said, "Let there be light: and there was light."

This was the beginning of light as far as this earth is concerned. What a wonderful moment it must have been when the light came on! Just as when we turn on a switch today.

Then we are told, "God divided the light from the darkness. And God called the light Day, and the darkness He called Night. And the evening and the morning were the first day."

Here we learn of the beginning of night and day. That was the very first night and the very first day in the history of the world. And yet there was nobody alive anywhere. Nobody.

Light was all God made that first day, but, as the second day dawned, God spoke again. And God said, "Let there be a firmament, . . . and let it divide the waters from the waters. . . . And God called the firmament Heaven. And the evening and the morning were the second day."

If you think of the word "firmament" as meaning the atmosphere which surrounds the earth, you can



H. M. LAMBERT

Do you ever Stop to Think Who Made the Blue Sky, White Clouds,
Beautiful Flowers, and Trees?

better understand what God did on that second day. He made it possible for men and animals to live and breathe. That's why, after making light, He made the firmament, or atmosphere. He was getting ready to make the earth a place for living creatures.

Then came the third day. If you could have been there, say with an airplane, able to fly about quickly from place to place, what activity you would have seen! For God said, "Let the waters under the heaven be gathered together unto one place, and let the dry land appear: and it was so. And God called the dry land Earth; and the gathering together of the waters called He Seas: and God saw that it was good."

What a sight it must have been—continents and islands rising up hither and yon out of the ocean depths! Great areas of land appearing where before there had been only water. And the light glistening and shimmering on myriads of streams rushing downhill to meet the waves that lapped the shorelines of these countries to be.

That third day! What a day it was! For scarcely had the land appeared above the sea than God spoke again. And He said, "Let the earth bring forth grass, the herb yielding seed, and the fruit tree yielding fruit after his kind, whose seed is in itself, upon the earth: and it was so."

Suddenly, as the voice of God echoed and re-echoed around the globe, an amazing thing happened. All the mountains and the hills, so brown and barren looking, suddenly turned to every glorious shade of green, from the yellow green of the grass to the deep green of the fir trees. Everywhere the newborn land became one beautiful countryside, covered with lovely meadows and magnificent forests.

And it was not all green, for there were flowers,

too, on trees and shrubs and plants, making wondrous patches of scarlet and gold, or blue and yellow, orange and violet. What a picture!

How the angels must have exclaimed at its loveliness! No wonder we read, "God saw that it was good." It *was* good. It was the best that God Himself could create.

And this was to be the home of man!

But not yet. God had something else in mind. Delightful as was the earth already, it was to be more radiant still. All this verdure, these trees and shrubs and bushes and grasses and flowers, needed sunshine to bring out their full perfection. So upon the fourth day God said: "Let there be lights in the firmament of the heaven to divide the day from the night. . . . And God made two great lights; the greater light to rule the day, and the lesser light to rule the night. . . . And God saw that it was good. And the evening and the morning were the fourth day."

And that was the very first time that the sun had ever shone upon the earth. As its warm, brilliant rays flashed through the overcast upon all that God had made the day before, the scene must have sparkled and flamed like a fairyland. No wonder the Bible says that at that moment "the morning stars sang together, and all the sons of God shouted for joy." Job 38:7.



STORY
45

Four days had now passed, during which, out of a dark, ugly, shapeless mass, God had brought forth a world of plenty and beauty, fit for kings and queens to live in.

As yet, however, there was not a single creature anywhere. Not a man or an animal, not even a sparrow or a butterfly. Nor was there one single little trout in a river nor a sardine in the sea.

So on the morning of the fifth day God said: "Let the waters bring forth abundantly. . . . And God created great whales, and every living creature that moveth, which the waters brought forth abundantly, after their kind, and every winged fowl after his kind: and God saw that it was good."

What a day that must have been! The first fish swimming in the sea. Great whales moving majestically through the oceans like giant submarines. Schools of minnows dashing hither and yon like crowds of children fresh from school. Fish of every size and shape,

of every kind and color. What joy God must have had inventing them!

The first birds flying through the air. Mighty eagles and tiny sparrows. Storks and cranes and crows and robins. Bluebirds and blackbirds. Bright-red parrots and pale-yellow canaries. Singing birds and humming birds and maybe talking birds too. What a wonderful variety God thought out!

And—did you ever stop to think of it?—the first sound ever heard upon the earth, besides the noise of the wind and the waves, was the song of a bird. Perhaps it came from the first skylark to leap from the hand of God, or the first thrush or the first sweet nightingale. They were singing before a lion roared or a horse neighed or a dog barked or the voice of man was heard. For still there was no man anywhere. God was not ready for him yet.

So ended the fifth day, to the singing of birds, the spouting of whales, and the leaping of flying fish from the sea.

The next morning God said, "Let the earth bring forth the living creature after his kind, cattle, and creeping thing, and beast of the earth after his kind: and it was so. . . . And God saw that it was good."

If you could have been hiding somewhere in one of the forests that morning, perhaps in a beautiful, sunlit glade, what marvelous things you would have seen! Up to that moment all the forests had been empty. There wasn't a footprint anywhere of any man or animal. You could have walked clear round the world

and not found a single living creature except, of course, the birds in the air and the fish in the sea, created the day before.

Then, all of a sudden, you would have seen, perhaps, a majestic lion walking toward you, or a sleek tiger or an immense elephant. Oh, no, you wouldn't have been frightened, for the animals were not ferocious then as they are now.

Turning round at a strange sound, you might have seen some sheep and goats or dogs and cats, frolicking about with all the happiness and energy of newly created beings. You would have petted them and fondled them and found them all as friendly as could be.

Now everywhere was life. Squirrels running up and down trees. Frogs hopping about in pools. Bears lolling in the sunshine. Horses capering about in sheer delight at being alive.

Again what a marvelous variety! Giraffes with their great long necks. Zebras with their colored stripes. Leopards with their black spots. Hippopotamuses with their huge mouths. Elephants with their funny trunks.

"And God saw that it was good." It was good. Very good. A beautiful, parklike home, filled with wonderful, living creatures of every type and description, all dwelling together in peace and friendliness like one great happy family.

Yet there was something missing. Something of very great importance in the mind of God. Far more important indeed than anything He had created hitherto. It was man.

For God did not create the earth, with all its natural wonders, merely to be a place for birds and beasts and fishes to live in. He didn't intend it to be merely a zoo or an aquarium. He made it to be a home for men. As we read in the book of Isaiah, "He formed it to be inhabited."

For man, then, were all these preparations made. For man all this creative energy was put forth. For man was the land raised out of the sea and clothed with trees and flowers; for man were the light and warmth of the sun caused to shine upon its surface. For man's delight were the birds created. For his pleasure and service were the animals formed. So much did God think of him and love him!

But as yet there was no man, and the sixth day was already drawing to a close.



HEISEL, BY MONKMEYER

When God Made the Earth, He Created It Beautiful and Perfect, and All Was Peace



STORY
46

At just what moment on the sixth day God made the first man, the Bible does not say. Perhaps it was late in the morning or early in the afternoon. Or it may have been just before sunset; who can tell? But sometime that day God crowned His work of creation by forming the most wonderful being that had come from His hand.

Everything was ready for him, the best that God could provide out of the infinite riches of His wisdom and love. Nothing was left undone to prepare the loveliest home anyone could ever hope to live in. And then God said, "Let us make man in our image, after our likeness."

What a wonderful thing for Him to say! He might have said, Let us make man like a lion, only bigger and stronger. Or He might have said, Let us make him like an eagle, only with wings ten times as large. Or He might have said, Let us make him a mixture of animal and bird and fish so that he can move anywhere

he pleases and be at home on land or in the air or under the sea. He might have given man four legs and a horse's mane and a monkey's tail. He might. But He did nothing of the kind. He had something far greater and nobler in mind. For the pattern of this masterpiece of creation He looked upon Himself!

"So God created man in His own image, in the image of God created He him."

Notice that He didn't say this time, Let there be man, as He had said, "Let there be light," and "Let there be a firmament," and "Let the waters bring forth abundantly." This was different. This was the most important thing He had done up to now. Greater than making continents and oceans. More important than filling the earth with trees and flowers and animals and birds and fish. He was about to make someone like Himself.

So we read, "The Lord God *formed* man of the dust of the ground, and breathed into his nostrils the breath of life; and man became a living soul."

If only we could have been there to watch! If you and I could have seen the loving, tender care with which God took the dust in His hands and formed it—formed it with infinite skill—into a brain, a heart, a pair of lungs, and all the organs of a perfect body, connecting them by means of a nervous system and a glandular system, and binding them all together with muscles and flesh.

He made eyes, that man might see, and ears, that he might hear. He gave him a tongue, that he might

taste, and a nose, that he might smell, and skin, that he might feel. And He arranged that the brain should not only take note of every impression on the eye, the ear, the nose, the tongue, the skin, but also record these impressions to be remembered. He made memory possible.

Swiftly the task was completed. The beautiful figure, like an exquisite statue, lay upon the ground. God must have looked down upon it in great satisfaction. Then He drew near again and "breathed into his nostrils the breath of life."

How near He must have come! So close to his mouth that perhaps He kissed him! Who knows? But we do know that as the breath of God filled the man's lungs, he came to life and stood upon his feet. Tall, graceful, handsome, with flashing eye and kingly bearing, he must have been a glorious sight to behold. I can almost see the angels as they crowded close to get the first glimpse of this magnificent being, fresh from the hand of God. And I can imagine that they cried out in wonder: "Great and marvelous are Thy works, Lord God Almighty."

Long years afterward King David said, "I am fearfully and wonderfully made," and never was a truer word spoken. After studying the human body for thousands of years, doctors and surgeons and nerve specialists and bone specialists and gland specialists are still discovering new wonders in it that no one knew about before.

Yes, when God made the body of the first man, it

was indeed His masterpiece. He gave it His best. And that is why it seems to me such an insult to God when some people say that He didn't make man at all; that man just "evolved" mysteriously from a speck of slime in the sea. That's just as though, after you had made a toy airplane of which you were very proud, the boy next door said, "Bah! You didn't make it; it just threw itself together all by itself." You know how you would feel if anybody said that. And maybe God feels that way, too, when people say He didn't make man—when man was His greatest and best creative work.

But now let us look again at Adam, the first man. Already he is striding over the lovely earth, his keen eyes taking in all the beauty of land and sea and sky, his whole being athrill with the glory of being alive. Animals come to meet him, and birds sing the sweeter for his presence. The forests are alive with happy cries of welcome, as though all creation knew that God had said, This is your leader, your ruler, and he shall "have dominion over the fish of the sea, and over the fowl of the air, and over every living thing that moveth upon the earth."

A lion comes out from some bushes and walks beside him—two kings together! Antelopes, buffaloes, deer, camels, dromedaries, crowd behind him, while a little black dog sniffs at his heels. It is a grand procession through the woods, over the hills, down by the shore and back again.

Adam feels hungry and wonders what to eat. He looks at the clusters of purple fruit on the vines, the big

red berries on the bushes, the nuts hanging from the trees. He wonders whether he should pluck any, and God says to him—for God was not far away, I am sure of that—"Behold, I have given you every herb bearing seed, which is upon the face of all the earth, and every tree, in the which is the fruit of a tree yielding seed; to you it shall be for meat."

So Adam eats his first meal. I wonder what he chose? Walnuts, perhaps, or almonds or pecans. Then some raspberries and gooseberries and, of course, some bananas and grapes. And what beautiful fruit it must have been, just created by the voice of God only three days before!

I can imagine the animals standing around as Adam ate all these lovely things. Then they ate, too, of the leaves and the grass, for God had said to them: "To every beast of the earth, and to every fowl of the air, and to everything that creepeth upon the earth, wherein there is life, I have given every green herb for meat."

The wonderful thing about this is that, during the very same week, God had so constructed the grass, the plants, and the trees, that their green leaves would provide the animals with all that they would need to sustain life. How carefully did He plan every detail of this marvelous new world of His!

And His work was not finished yet. He had one more beautiful thing to do, the loveliest, kindest, sweetest act of all creation week.

As Adam sat there in the forest glade, with the animals crowding around, looking at him with their

big, friendly eyes and sniffing at him with their long, pointed noses, or their short, stubby noses, he noticed something about them he had not seen before. To each one God had given a mate. To the lion, a lioness. To the tiger, a tigress. And so on. But he was alone. There was no creature anywhere that looked like him. Then he began to realize that though the animals might be his friends they could never be his close companions, thinking his thoughts, sharing his joys, talking over with him his hopes and plans.

Suddenly, as he thought of these things, he became very, very sleepy. Inasmuch as he had never slept before, he must have wondered what the sleepy feeling meant, and what was going to happen to him. Perhaps he tried to wake himself up and shake off the feeling of drowsiness. But if he did, it was no use. He became more and more sleepy, until at last, in a secluded part of the forest, under the shade of some big, beautiful tree, he lay down and went fast asleep.

"And the Lord God caused a deep sleep to fall upon Adam, and he slept."

No sooner was he asleep than God did a strange thing. With infinite skill He performed an operation on Adam, the first in human history. The Bible says, "He took one of his ribs, and closed up the flesh instead thereof; and the rib, which the Lord God had taken from man, made He a woman."

Perhaps you wonder why God did this; why He didn't choose some other way. If He could make light by saying, "Let there be light"; if He could make the

trees by saying, "Let there be trees," why didn't He just say, "Let there be a woman"?

There must have been a very good reason, or God would not have worked the way He did. I think He did it this way that man might ever remember that his wife is truly part of him and so treat her as he would himself.

And now let us watch God at work again. Of that rib it says (in the margin) that He "builded" a woman. Just as, but a little while before, he had "formed man of the dust of the ground," fashioning the most wonderful creature He had ever made, so now all His infinite knowledge and wisdom were used in the creation of the one who was to become the mother of the whole human family. How perfectly He molded the features of her lovely face! How gracefully He arranged her long, flowing hair! With what loving thought He placed within her heart all the tenderness, all the gentleness, all the sweetness, and all the endless store of love He wanted every mother to have!

At last this fairest creature of creation was completed. Then in all her perfect loveliness God "brought her unto the man."

Perhaps Adam was still asleep. I don't know. Perhaps he was dreaming—dreaming of the companion he hoped to find someday, somewhere in the woods or fields. Then perhaps God called to him, "Adam, wake up, wake up! See what I have made for you."

Then Adam awoke, rubbed his eyes, and looked. There before him was something more beautiful than

any dream, a being so choice, so noble, so altogether lovely that his heart leaped within him. As he looked upon her lovely form and gazed into her bright, kindly, understanding eyes, he knew instantly that this was his mate. This was the companion he had been seeking.

"And Adam said, This is now bone of my bones, and flesh of my flesh: she shall be called Woman, because she was taken out of Man."

And now I see them, dear, beautiful creatures, walking arm in arm through the forests and fields, exploring all the wonders of creation. King and queen of the glorious new earth, they wander hither and yon, admiring the beauties of their lovely kingdom. They talk together of the marvels they have seen and the wonders of God's power. And they praise Him for all His goodness to them.

And I think, too, that I see God, silently watching them, smiling upon their perfect happiness.



STORY
47

The Lord God planted a garden eastward in Eden; and there He put the man whom He had formed."

Did you ever plant a garden? How exciting it is to sow the seeds, then watch the little plants grow, and finally gather the crops or pluck the flowers!

But when God planted a garden it was different. He didn't need to plant seeds. As the great Creator He could say, I want a cluster of giant redwoods here and a grove of silver birches there, and they appeared at His word. He called for a hill to be covered with pines and another with oaks, and it was so. He called for a valley to be carpeted with yellow buttercups, another with scarlet anemones, another with sweet-smelling hyacinths, while everywhere through the meadows He summoned the little white daisies. And it was so.

All the earth was beautiful then; there were no deserts or marshes or bare, rocky crags; everywhere was breath-taking loveliness. But there was one place

more beautiful than all. This was Eden, the garden God planted, man's first home.

Notice that when God made the first man and the first woman He didn't build them a house; He planted a garden. He didn't give them a log cabin or an apartment with hot-and-cold water or a three-story stucco house or even a palace such as a king and queen might have expected; instead He gave them a home amid the trees and flowers. Its walls were pines and firs and oaks; its floors were bluebells, cowslips, and primroses. Its roof was the great dome of heaven, while for light the sun shone by day and the moon and the stars by night.

No shelter, of course, was needed in those days, for there was no rain. Instead "there went up a mist from the earth, and watered the whole face of the ground." Genesis 2:6.

This home had no bedroom, as we think of bedrooms, only cozy, moss-covered nooks anywhere one wished to rest. Its parlor was a hillside overlooking some delightful bay or a sandy, lakeside cove. Its music room was a low branch of a tree, where the songs of birds could be heard. Its larder and kitchen were the vines, bushes, and fruit trees, ever loaded with good things to eat.

No home ever built by man has been like this garden planted by God, so beautiful, so peaceful, so happy, so altogether perfect.

Now, as Adam and Eve, hand in hand, hasten here and there to see everything they can of all that God has given them, they come suddenly upon something so

unusual that they stop to look at it in amazement. It is a tree the like of which they have not found anywhere else in the garden. Tall, graceful, magnificent, it is covered with brilliant fruit. Not far away they see another wonderful tree also loaded with lovely fruit. Just as they are wondering what these two trees can be, God draws near and tells them that they are now in the very center of their garden home, that one of these trees is "the tree of life" and the other "the tree of the knowledge of good and evil."

"And the Lord God commanded the man, saying, Of every tree of the garden thou mayest freely eat: but of the tree of the knowledge of good and evil, thou shalt not eat of it: for in the day that thou eatest thereof thou shalt surely die."

No doubt they both wondered why God had put a tree in their garden of which they mustn't eat. And what did He mean by saying that if they should eat of it they would die? What did He mean by "dying"? What was "dying"?

Still wondering, they go on their way, looking for more of the treasures God had placed in the garden for them.

It is still the sixth day of creation week, though late in the afternoon. How much has happened upon this great, this wonderful day!

And now the sun, which has been high in the heavens, is moving toward the horizon. The heat of afternoon is giving place to the cool of evening, something that neither Adam nor Eve has ever known before.

Birds are twittering as they prepare to sleep, while new sounds come from the forest as the animals sense that night is near.

The happy pair, gazing westward, behold the blazing glory of the sunset. As the red orb plunges earthward, the sky is filled with wondrous colors and a new beauty glows upon every tree and flower.

Adam and Eve bow their heads in worship of their Maker while God looks down in delight at the completion of His work.

"And God saw everything that He had made, and, behold, it was very good."

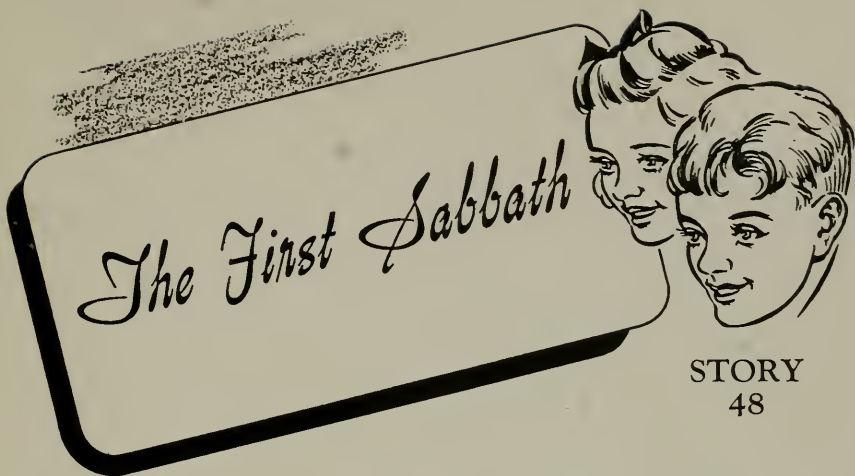
All had turned out well. All was the best that could be.

The earth with its rich stores of gold and silver and precious stones, its bright covering of grass and flowers and trees. The fish and birds and animals in all their marvelous variety. And now this man and this woman bowing in worship, recognizing their God.

Again the stars sang together and all the sons of God shouted for joy.

"And, behold, it was very good."

And the sixth day slowly faded into night.



STORY
48

I suppose you go to church every week. I hope so. It's a good thing for boys and girls to do. We all miss something when we don't worship God.

But when you go to church I wonder if you ever ask yourself how "going to church" started, and who began the idea of keeping the Sabbath? You know, of course, that many people kept it last week and the week before and the week before that and the week before that. You have a pretty good idea that some people at least kept it all last year and the year before that and the year before that. But how far back have people kept the Sabbath? A hundred years? Five hundred years? A thousand years?

Yes, and much longer than that. For almost six thousand years, without a break, the Sabbath has been kept by somebody or other on this old earth. Every week, without fail, someone or some group of people has worshiped God on this day.

The fact is that it all began in that garden home which God planted for Adam and Eve. Indeed, the very first Sabbath ever observed was kept by God Himself, together with these two wonderful creatures fresh from His creative hands. It was when the sun set on the sixth day of creation week that the first Sabbath of all time began.

But how did the seventh day come to be a Sabbath, or rest day?

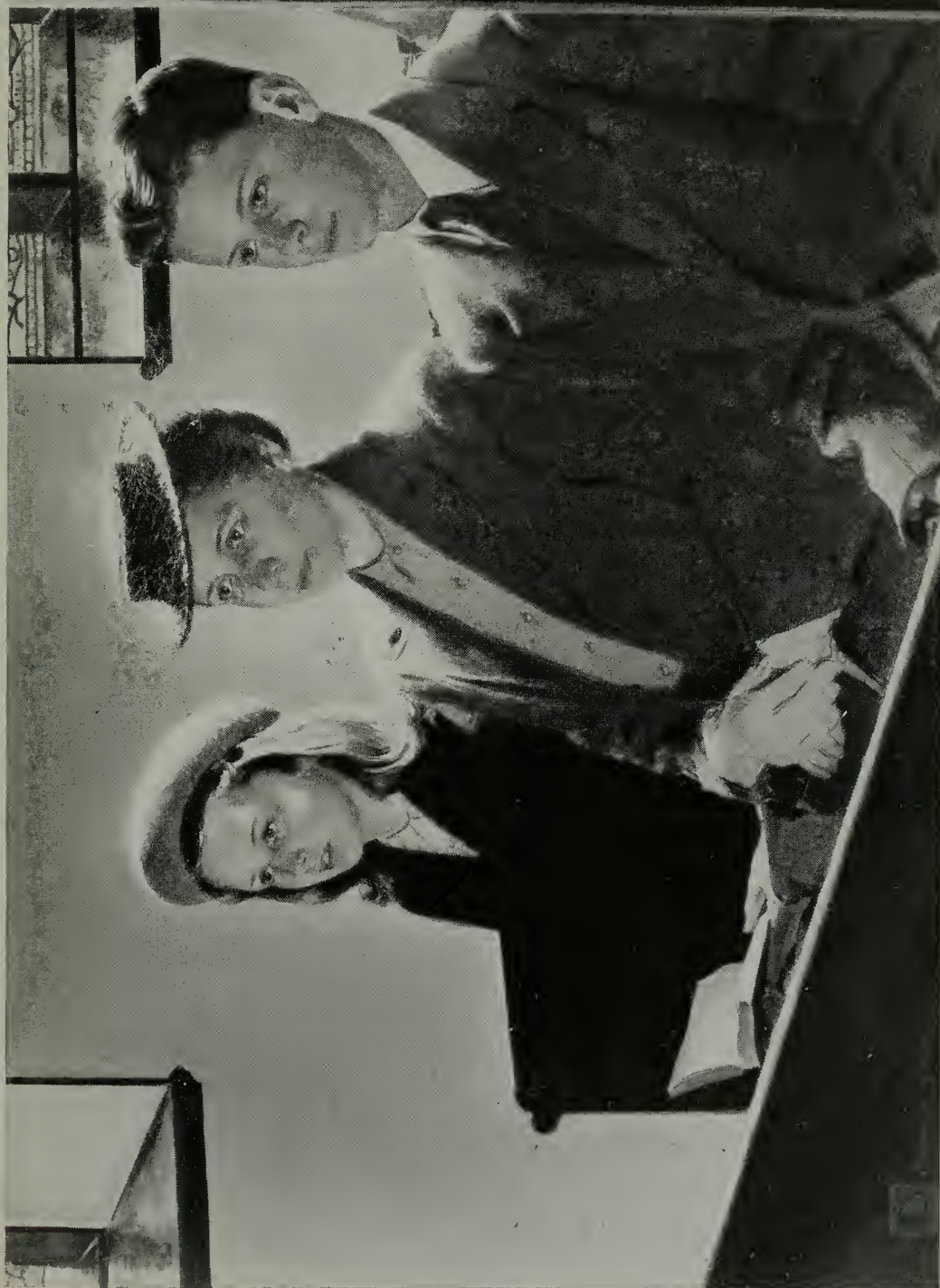
The Bible says that "on the seventh day God ended His work which He had made; and He rested on the seventh day from all His work which He had made. And God blessed the seventh day, and sanctified it: because that in it He had rested from all His work which God created and made."

I don't think this means that God rested because He was tired, for God does not get tired. Rather, He rested because He had finished His work of creation. Then, too, I think He rested because He wanted to set Adam and Eve an example that He wished them and their children to follow.

But God not only "rested" on this day. He "blessed" it and "sanctified" it.

To "sanctify" means to set apart as holy, and this is exactly what God did with the seventh day. He set it apart from the other days of the week as a holy day of rest and worship.

How did God "bless" the Sabbath day? Surely by putting a blessing into it which only those who keep it properly can find. And it is a fact, even after all these





thousands of years, that anybody who keeps the Sabbath as a holy day does find a joy and peace that others know nothing about.

But we must get back to our story of Adam and Eve. On the afternoon of the sixth day they did not know anything about the Sabbath, for they had just been created. Therefore, as the sun set that evening, and the seventh day began, God must have told them of His plan. "This day, this seventh day," He may well have said to them, "we will spend together."

And that is exactly what they must have done, for at that time there was but the one man and the one woman in all the world, and God. It is therefore reasonable to suppose that, since God did rest on that day, since He blessed and sanctified it, they must have shared it with Him.

What a day that must have been! A red-letter Sabbath in very truth, spent in the very presence of God!

I wonder what they did together? Perhaps they walked through the beautiful garden while God explained to Adam and Eve all about the marvels of creation. Perhaps He told them how trees draw their food from the soil, and how the sap rises through the trunk and so out into the branches, the twigs, and the leaves. Perhaps He told them how a beautiful white lily grows from a little brown bulb or how white milk comes from a red cow that eats green grass. Perhaps He disclosed to them the secret of how birds fly or the marvelous mechanism in a butterfly's wing.

No one knows, of course, what they discussed, but it must have been a wonderful experience to walk through creation with the Creator! What a marvelous Guide and Teacher He must have been! And as they talked together surely Adam and Eve must have been well-nigh overcome with wonder and admiration, exclaiming again and again, "Great and marvelous are Thy works, Lord God Almighty!"

That first Sabbath was a day of rest and worship and communion with God, long to be remembered. And God wants every Sabbath to be as nearly like it as possible, even today. We know this is so, because when He gave us the Ten Commandments He said, "Remember the Sabbath day, to keep it holy. Six days shalt thou labor, and do all thy work: but the seventh day is the Sabbath of the Lord thy God," and He added, "For in six days the Lord made heaven and earth, the sea, and all that in them is, and rested the seventh day: wherefore the Lord blessed the Sabbath day, and hallowed it."

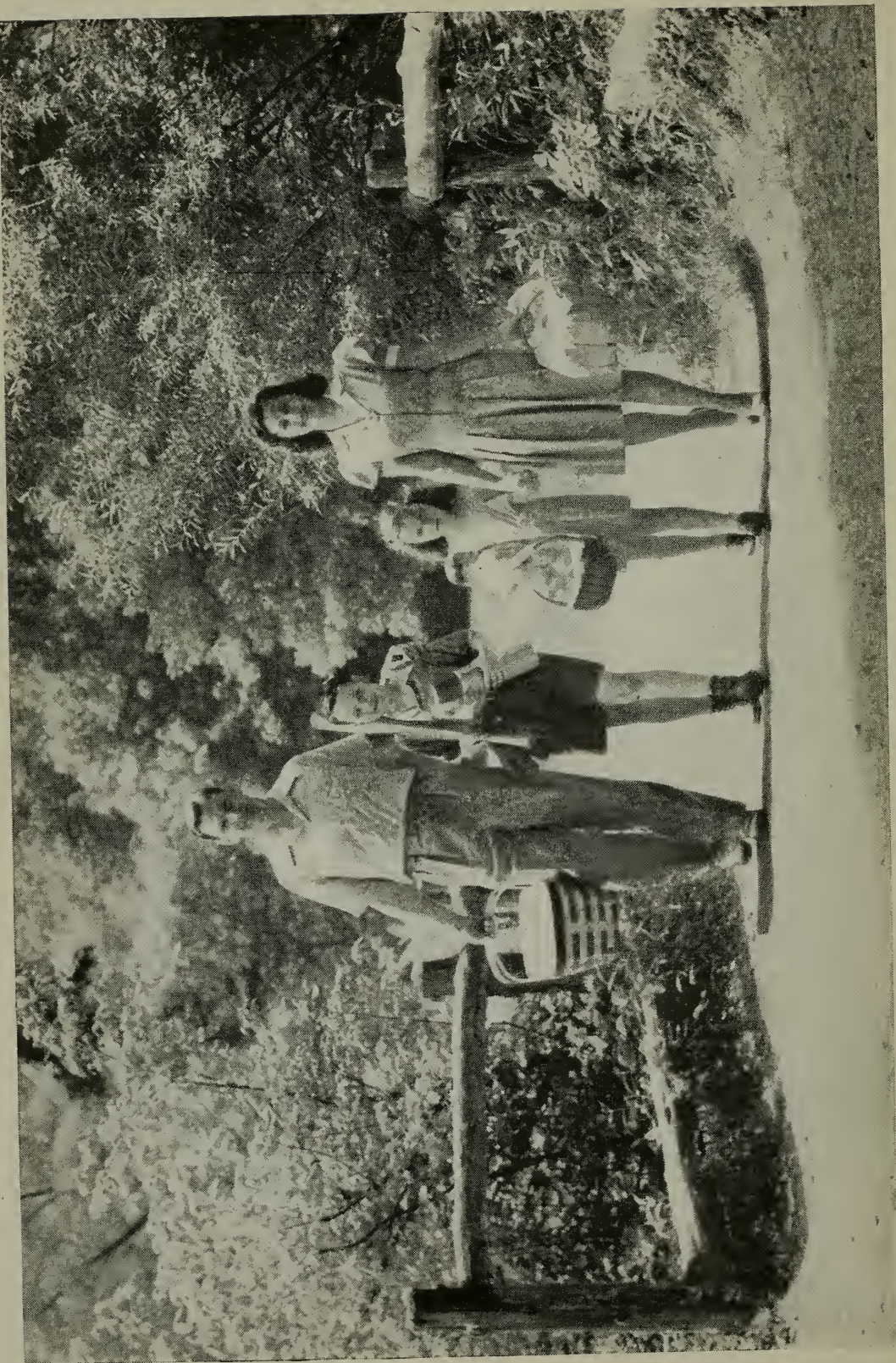
God will never forget that blessed day with Adam and Eve at the close of creation week, and He wants everybody else to remember it too. So He told His people to keep every seventh day and to keep each one as nearly as possible as they kept the first. Then, He said, a great blessing will be found in the Sabbath—the blessing that always comes from walking and talking with God, and worshiping Him as Creator of the heavens and the earth.



Have you ever been on a picnic, perhaps in some beautiful park or down by the sea, with everybody having a wonderful time, then had it all spoiled because some of the boys or girls did something wrong? Perhaps they deliberately disobeyed the park rules or did something that the person in charge had said should not be done. If so, you know what happened. That one foolish act of disobedience ruined the picnic. It brought a cloud down on everything. Nothing was the same again. And on the way home the others said, "Oh, why did they have to do that! They wrecked the whole day for us, and we were so happy before!"

Well, if you ever had an experience like that, you will understand what happened to Adam and Eve in the Garden of Eden.

For some time after creation life was one glorious picnic for them. They couldn't have wished for a lovelier place in which to live. Their work was easy and



Many a Lovely Picnic Has Been Spoiled by One Act of Disobedience

pleasant, for all that God asked of them when He placed them in their garden home was "to dress it and to keep it." There were no weeds or thorns or thistles to bother them. As for food, there was abundance all about them. Had they been more careful they might have been living there yet.

But they made a mistake, a very big mistake, and it spoiled everything.

One day Eve went for a walk by herself to take another look at the two beautiful trees in the center of the garden. They were so lovely, with all their bright-colored fruit, that she was fascinated by them. As she gazed with wondering eyes upon "the tree of the knowledge of good and evil," she remembered, of course, that God had said that the fruit of this tree was not for them to eat. She could not understand why God had said this. It seemed strange to her that, after He had given them so much, He should hold back this one tree. But she had no thought of disobeying Him. She was sure God had some good reason for saying what He had about the tree, and would no doubt explain it all in good time.

Just as she was turning away, perhaps to look again at the beautiful "tree of life," she was startled to hear someone speaking to her.

Who could it be? The only voices she had heard up to now had been the voice of God and the voice of Adam. Now someone else was speaking. She looked about her and, to her astonishment, noticed that the voice was coming from a serpent. It was a very gracious

and friendly voice, too, so much so that Eve's fears disappeared and she stood, listening. In a way it was nice to have someone else to talk to, even if it was only a serpent.

Who was this serpent? The Bible tells us that it was "the devil, and Satan, which deceiveth the whole world." Revelation 12:9. He was leader of the rebel angels who were cast out of heaven, and he had come to this earth to take revenge on God by trying to spoil His plans for man's happiness.

But, of course, Eve did not know all this, or she wouldn't have listened to him. All she knew was that here was a most unusual animal talking to her in a pleasant, friendly voice. So she listened.

And the serpent said, "Yea, hath God said, Ye shall not eat of every tree of the garden?"

How strange! The serpent even knew just what she was thinking about!

She decided to reply to him.

"We may eat of the fruit of the trees of the garden," she said very innocently; "but of the fruit of the tree which is in the midst of the garden, God hath said, Ye shall not eat of it, neither shall ye touch it, lest ye die."

In a confidential tone the serpent replied, "Ye shall not surely die."

This was stranger still, Eve must have thought. The creature was actually contradicting God! It didn't seem right. It didn't seem possible that anyone could ever do that! But—could God be wrong? Could it be that God had not told the truth?

The first doubt entered Eve's mind.

Seeing he had made an impression, the serpent continued: "For God doth know that in the day ye eat thereof, then your eyes shall be opened, and ye shall be as gods, knowing good and evil."

This was a suggestion to Eve that God had been unfair to her and Adam; that He was holding something back that belonged to them. It was a sly hint that God was jealous of them and so would not give them their full rights.

It was a very mean thing the serpent did, when God had been so good. But the devil is always mean. And he is always working against God. We need to beware of any suggestion that God is not fair. It comes from Satan.

The serpent also put the idea into Eve's mind that if she took of this fruit her eyes would be opened and she would know both "good and evil." Up to that moment she did not know any evil. She must have asked herself, What does the serpent mean by "evil"? She became curious. She thought she would like to know what evil is like.

And that is always dangerous. It always leads to trouble and sorrow. If anyone ever suggests to you that you should try this or that wrong thing so that you may know "how it tastes" or "how it feels," turn your back on him and run away. It's the safest thing to do. You don't need to know evil. You are far better off without that knowledge. Remember, you don't have to put your hand in a bucket of tar to know it's black.

The serpent had done his deadly work. He had made Eve doubt God's word, and he had tempted her to taste the fruit of "the tree of the knowledge of good and evil."

Finally the temptation was more than she could stand. She reached out her hand, took of the fruit, and ate it. The taste was wonderful, so she gathered some more and took it to Adam, "and he did eat."

Perhaps he said to her, "But I thought we were not to eat this fruit." If so, she probably said, "Oh, it's quite all right. The serpent told me I wouldn't die and, you see, nothing has happened to me. God must have made a mistake."

But God had not made a mistake. He had purposely set aside one tree in the garden in order to develop the characters of His newly made creatures. He did not want them to be just like clockwork figures, obeying Him merely because He said so. He wanted them to trust Him and serve Him because they chose to do so themselves. He wanted them to worship Him because they loved Him. The tree was only a test. If they truly loved Him they wouldn't touch it. Then they could live forever. If they doubted Him and couldn't be trusted to obey Him, then they would have to die and go back to the dust whence He had taken them.

No sooner had Adam and Eve eaten of the fruit than they were greatly worried about what they had done. It was the first time they had ever been worried about anything. Up to then they had not known a

worry or a care. They began to wonder what God would think of their disobedience. What would He say to them?

As the day dragged by they began to get frightened. All the happiness had gone out of life. Their lovely picnic was completely spoiled. They wanted to run away and hide themselves.

What a pity! But sin always works that way. It spoils everything it touches.

By and by Adam and Eve "heard the voice of the Lord God walking in the garden in the cool of the day." At other times they had been so pleased to hear that lovely voice, but now they ran away from it, "and Adam and his wife hid themselves from the presence of the Lord God amongst the trees of the garden."

As if they could hide themselves from God! They couldn't do it then, and we cannot do it now.

"And the Lord God called unto Adam, and said unto him, Where art Thou?"

What sorrow there was in His voice! It was as though He said, "Why don't you come to meet Me as you used to do? Why are you hiding from One who loves you so much?"

Then Adam, peering from behind a tree, said, "I heard Thy voice in the garden, and I was afraid."

Afraid! He had never been afraid before. He had never known what fear was. Now this grand, noble, beautiful creature was afraid. That is another thing sin does. It takes away all one's happy feelings and makes one want to run away and hide. It makes one

hate to be in the presence of good people. It made Adam want to get away even from God, his Maker and his Friend.

Of course, all along God knew what had happened. God always does. So He said, "Hast thou eaten of the tree, whereof I commanded thee that thou shouldst not eat?"

Yes, Adam had, and so had Eve. They were both guilty of grave disobedience.

How sad it all was then!

God told them both what would have to happen because of their sin. They would have to leave their beautiful home. Instead of the pleasant time they had been having, they would have to work hard and long for their living. They would know pain and sorrow. They would learn the meaning of death. All nature, too, would suffer because of this evil thing they had done. It would never be the same again.

As they hung their heads in shame, and tears flowed down their cheeks, God spoke His final word. Looking at Adam in deepest pity, He said: "Because thou hast hearkened unto the voice of thy wife, and hast eaten of the tree, of which I commanded thee, saying, Thou shalt not eat of it: cursed is the ground for thy sake; in sorrow shalt thou eat of it all the days of thy life; thorns also and thistles shall it bring forth to thee; and thou shalt eat the herb of the field; in the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread, till thou return unto the ground; for out of it wast thou taken: for dust thou art, and unto dust shalt thou return."

It was a hard sentence, but God wanted them and all their unborn children to know how terrible even the smallest sin appears in His sight. He knew how sin had already spoiled the harmony of heaven; now it was starting again on earth, spoiling this Paradise. Something had to be done.

So Adam and Eve left their beautiful garden home. With aching hearts they turned their backs on all that was so dear to them. Somehow I think I can see their friends, the animals, peering at them with wonder in their eyes, as though asking each other, What is the matter? Where are they going? And the birds hushed their singing as they listened in awe to the great, heart-broken sobs of their lord and master as, crushed and broken, he and his lovely wife walked out into the night.

There was no way back. At least, so it must have seemed to them then. For, turning to take one last look at all that they had loved and lost, they saw a strange light over the way they had just come, "and a flaming sword which turned every way, to keep the way of the tree of life."

So great is the cost of just one sin! No wonder God wants us to be good and to love and obey Him with all our hearts.



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HARRY ANDERSON. ARTIST

To Adam and Eve Was Given the First Promise of the Saviour



STORY
50

Many times, I suppose, Adam and Eve must have talked over the good old days and the lovely Paradise home God gave them in the beginning. No doubt, too, they wondered whether they would ever be allowed to see it again.

Thinking of everything that had happened, going over all that had been said and done on that sad day when they made their terrible mistake, they tried to think whether God had given them any hope of returning to their home.

One thing that He had said stood out in their minds, something He had said to the serpent. Again and again they repeated it, wondering just what it might mean: "I will put enmity between thee and the woman, and between thy seed and her seed; it shall bruise thy head, and thou shalt bruise his heel."

What could this mean? they thought. Of course, it meant that Eve would have children, and she was glad of that. But how much more? "It shall bruise

thy head." Surely that must mean that one of her children would bruise, or crush, the serpent's head. And that must mean that someday the wicked serpent who had brought such sorrow and loss upon them would be destroyed. Then, perhaps, they could go back. Then Eden might be restored to them!

How they loved this promise! It was the first promise ever made to man, and the first one mentioned in the Bible. On the dark days, when things seemed to be going all wrong, they remembered it, and hope sprang up in their hearts once more.

So Adam and Eve began looking forward to their first baby. Perhaps he would be the one to bruise the serpent's head! Perhaps they wouldn't have to wait so long to return to Eden after all.

When Cain was born they were very, very happy. Eve said: "I have gotten a man from the Lord." Some say that she said, "I have gotten a man, the Lord," believing that Cain would be the one who would crush the serpent and bring them back in joy and triumph to their beloved Eden.

But it was not to be Cain. He grew up to be a murderer and killed his own brother Abel.

And it was not to be their next boy, Seth, nor his son, nor his son after that. So the years went by, and no one came to restore them to their Paradise and the tree of life.

What then did God have in mind when He made that promise in the garden? He was thinking of Jesus, of course, and all that He would do. For Jesus is the

one who will finally destroy Satan and bring Adam and Eve and all who love God back to Eden again.

Of course, if God had said to Adam and Eve, "You will have to wait thousands and thousands of years before you see your first home again," they would have been very much discouraged. So He told them just enough to let them know that all would be well at last. This cheered their poor, sad hearts, and led them to keep on hoping. And men have passed on the same blessed hope from one to another all down the years.

And this is how it came about that all the people who loved God began looking forward to the coming of Jesus. This is why Enoch, "the seventh from Adam," said, "Behold, the Lord cometh with ten thousands of His saints, to execute judgment upon all." Jude 14, 15.

Today we still hold the same hope. Boys and girls who love Jesus are everywhere looking eagerly for His return. They know that, when He comes, the first promise to Adam will be fulfilled and "that old serpent, the devil," will be destroyed. Then, too, Eden, beautiful glorious Eden, will be restored, and the children of God will live there in perfect happiness forever.



Adam and Eve lived a long, long time. The Bible says that Adam was actually nine hundred and thirty years old when he died.

Nine hundred and thirty years! That's a long time.

If you say, "Oh, nobody could have lived that long," remember that Adam was created by God on that sixth great day of creation week. Remember that he was the most perfectly formed man who ever lived. His heart, his lungs, his muscles, fresh from God's own hands, were good to last easily a thousand years. Indeed, they would have lasted forever had he been able to eat of the tree of life. Then, too, in those early days of the world, there were none of the diseases so common now, which carry so many people to an early grave.

I don't have any doubt but that Adam lived nine hundred and thirty years, just as the Bible says. It may seem very old to us, but that's because we have become used to people dying young.

Now, if Adam lived to be over nine hundred years



While the Ark Was Being Built, Noah Earnestly Pleaded With the People to Prepare for the Flood, but They Mocked Him



old, he must have seen his sons' sons, and their sons, and their sons, for many generations. By the time he died he must have been a great-great-great-great-great-great-grandfather. I really don't know how many "greats" to put in. By that time, too, there must have been many thousands of people living on the earth, all related to him. What a crowd it must have been when they had a family get-together!

But not only Adam lived a long time. So did his children. One of his sons, Seth, lived to be nine hundred and twelve! Then one of Seth's sons, called Enos, lived to be nine hundred and five.

Then came Cainan, 910; Mahalaleel, 895; and Jared, 962. Enoch, 365, and Methuselah, the oldest man who ever lived, 969. After him came Lamech, 777, and Noah, 950.

You can read about these grand old men in the fifth chapter of the book of Genesis. And when you do, take a pencil and paper and draw lines to show how long each of them lived. Allow about half an inch to a hundred years. Work it out carefully and you will discover some very interesting facts.

First, you will notice that of these nine patriarchs that followed Adam, eight of them lived at the same time as he did. Only Noah never saw him.

Second, you will notice that two of them, Methuselah and Lamech, both of whom knew Adam personally, lived right up until just before the Flood. You will see, too, how Noah was six hundred years old when the Flood came, and lived 350 years after it.

Third, you will notice that one line is much shorter than all the others. It is the line marking the life of Enoch. His father lived to be 962 years, and his son 969 years, but he only 365 years. Why was this? Did he get ill and die early?

No, he didn't die. That is the wonderful thing about Enoch. The Bible says, "God took him." This means that God took him away without his having to die. Why did God do that? There must have been a very good reason.

Now, God loved Adam very dearly, as we have seen, but God let him die, after he had lived for nearly a thousand years.

God loved Adam's son Seth, but He let him die, too, after he had lived just over nine hundred years. And so with all the others. God loved them, but He let them die. But with Enoch it was different. God loved him so much He couldn't let him die. He took him away to live with Him forever.

Let us read exactly what the Bible says about it: "And Enoch lived sixty and five years, and begat Methuselah: and Enoch walked with God after he begat Methuselah three hundred years: . . . and Enoch walked with God: and he was not; for God took him."

There is the secret! He walked with God. That was what God wanted Adam to do in the beginning. There wasn't anything that God wouldn't have done for Adam had he walked with Him all the time, instead of forgetting Him and wandering away.

And God wanted Seth to walk with Him like that,

and Enos and Cainan and all the rest, but none of them quite came up to His expectations.

Only this man Enoch was different. He loved God with all his heart. His one purpose was to serve Him and to do His will. He thought of God in the morning, at noon, and at night. Always He was asking himself, Will God be pleased with this or that? His chief concern was to please not himself but God.

So God came very near to this man. Indeed, I can almost hear God saying, "This is a man after My own heart. This is what I hoped all men would be like. Dear Enoch! What a noble character!"

"And Enoch walked with God . . . three hundred years."

Three hundred years!

God didn't take him at once. He watched him, every day, every moment. And the more God saw of this man, the more God loved him.

Can we know what inspired Enoch to live such a life as this? Perhaps it was a talk he had one day with Adam—for Adam was still alive—of how God walked with him in the Garden of Eden before sin spoiled everything. Perhaps it was the thought of the great promise of deliverance of which he had heard so much. And yet it may have been something quite different.

The Bible says that Enoch walked with God "after he begat Methuselah." That is, after his little boy was born. It makes a lot of difference to some daddies when their boys are born, and perhaps it was as Enoch looked lovingly upon that little baby and thought of the won-

derful power of God that had given him a child like himself that he gave his heart to God as never before and decided to love Him more than ever.

Ever after that he "walked with God." And as he walked with Him he must have talked with Him many, many times. Then it was that God told Him of His plans for the future, and how He would fulfill the promise He had made in the garden.

It was after one of these talks that Enoch made that wonderful prophecy: "Behold, the Lord cometh with ten thousands of His saints." Jude 14. Although only "the seventh from Adam," as he was, the hope of the coming of Jesus was all aglow in his heart.

Then after he had lived three hundred years of such a life, "God took him." Where? The Bible does not say. It just says, "Enoch was translated that he should not see death; . . . for before his translation he had this testimony, that he pleased God." Hebrews 11:5. This is a beautiful thing to say about anybody. But this was written about three thousand years after "God took him." Fancy! People still remembered that he "pleased God." Yes, and he was still alive then, still walking with God!

And Enoch will be there when Jesus comes in His glory. He will be there when Eden is restored. He will be there through all eternity, still walking with God.

It's a wonderful thing to walk with God, and the sooner we start, the better.



Sad to say, while some of Adam's children were good, like Enoch, some of them were bad, like Cain. All too soon many began to forget God. Then selfishness crept into their hearts. They became greedy and cruel. There was quarreling, fighting, and even killing.

How different from the peaceful days in Eden!

The old serpent, "which is the devil or Satan," who had deceived Adam and Eve in the garden, rejoiced at the turn of events. He had come to this earth to take vengeance on God, and he was succeeding better than he had dared to hope. By filling men's minds with evil thoughts, he sought to complete the ruin of God's plans. Remembering what God had said to him in the garden, about the seed of the woman bruising his head, he set out to prevent the fulfillment of that prophecy.

So, led on by Satan and his evil angels, the children of Adam went from bad to worse.

No doubt Adam, out of his own bitter experience,

did his best to warn the wayward boys of the dreadful price of sin. Eve, with all her wonderful mother love, pleaded with the careless girls to turn back to God. For hundreds of years they sought to keep their children and their children's children in the good way "that leadeth unto life." But it was a hard struggle, for evil grew and spread. The wicked became bolder in their wickedness. They mocked at Adam's warnings and said that he was too old to understand young people. They complained at every restriction and murmured when anyone tried to make them keep good rules.

When Adam was well on in years, Enoch, the man who walked with God, spoke of the "ungodly deeds" of the people, the "murmurers, complainers, walking after their own lusts." Jude 15, 16.

That was about nine hundred years after creation. Five hundred years later things were much worse. By that time there was quarreling and fighting everywhere. Nobody's life was safe. The Bible says, "The earth was filled with violence."

What a pity! After all that God had planned for man's happiness! Once so peaceful and joyous, the beautiful earth was now a battlefield. Once so free from all sorrow and care, it was now filled with fears and tears.

How sorry God must have been! Remembering with what love and tenderness He made the first man and the first woman, we can understand how deeply pained He must have been.

The Bible says that "God saw that the wickedness

of man was great in the earth, and that every imagination of the thoughts of his heart was only evil continually. And it repented the Lord that He had made man on the earth, and it grieved Him at His heart."

Conditions must have been terrible for God to say that!

Then with awful sadness He said to Himself, "I will destroy man whom I have created from the face of the earth; both man, and beast, and the creeping thing, and the fowls of the air; for it repenteth Me that I have made them."

Even so He decided to give the people yet one more chance to turn from their evil ways. "My Spirit shall not always strive with man," He said; "yet his days shall be an hundred and twenty years."

He would wait that long, just a hundred and twenty years, and see whether they would listen to His last call to repentance.

Looking for someone to give His message of warning, God found Noah, one of the ten grand old patriarchs of those ancient times, now nearly five hundred years old. He was one of the few good men still left on the earth. In the midst of all the evil he had kept himself clean, and the Bible says, "Noah was a just man and perfect in his generations, and Noah walked with God."

He must have been something like Enoch, for he, too, was walking with God. No doubt this is why God saved him and his family from the Flood.

"And God saith unto Noah, The end of all flesh

is come before Me; for the earth is filled with violence through them; and, behold, I will destroy them with the earth. Make thee an ark of gopherwood. . . . Behold, I, even I, do bring a flood of waters upon the earth, to destroy all flesh."

As Noah heard these words he must have wondered what God meant, and whether He had heard correctly. A flood of waters—what was that? And that ark of gopherwood he was to make—what a strange command! What would people think of him if he started to build a great big boat on dry land!

And the size of it! (For God was most careful to specify just what He wanted.) It was to be a huge vessel. Big as a modern battleship. Yes, and in the same proportions used by the best ship designers today! It was to be about 600 feet long, 100 feet wide, and 60 feet in height. That's a real ship, not a toy, as some people picture the ark. God designed it to sail the oceans and ride out the worst storms the world has ever seen.

Again Noah must have wondered. Whatever would the neighbors think when they saw him building a boat six hundred feet long! But, "Thus did Noah according to all that God commanded him, so did He." People do just that when they are walking with God.

So Noah started to work, building and preaching at the same time, with one hundred and twenty years for his task.

What did the people do? Just as he expected: They laughed till their sides ached. "Look at old Noah!"

they cried. "Whatever is he building? Is it a boat or a barn?"

But Noah replied, "God is about to send a flood of waters upon the earth because of your wickedness. Forsake your sins! Turn to God before it is too late!"

"A flood of waters!" they jeered. "Whoever heard of a flood of waters? The poor old man must be mad!"

But Noah went on building, and the great ship gradually took shape. The more the people mocked, the more earnestly he continued his work. Building and preaching. Building and preaching.

So the years, the last few years of that beautiful world, slipped away.

It is now the hundred and twentieth year, the last year of the old world. The great ship is completed, towering up sixty feet, twice as high as a three-story house! It looks gaunt and deserted, for only Noah is left with it, and his family. All his hired workmen have gone. They never had much interest in it anyway. They only worked for their pay and now, the job over, they have gone home. They never believed Noah's message, though they worked on his ark.

The great door stands open, inviting all who will to enter. But nobody comes. To the few people who still bother to look, it seems as though Noah has wasted his time and money. Noah's folly, they call it. He has preached for a hundred and twenty years that destruction is coming, and now nowhere is so peaceful as around his old ark, where not even the sound of a hammer or a saw can be heard.

But look! Something is happening. Animals! What are they doing here? Look at them! Hundreds of them! Coming from all directions, too. This is extraordinary. What can it mean?

As people come running to watch the strange sight, animals of every kind and description make their way to the ark, climb up the ramp that Noah has made for them, and in through the door. Lions, tigers, bears, giraffes, horses, zebras, elephants, donkeys, sheep, goats, and the rest. Two by two they go into the ark, each one with its mate, as though some unseen hand were guiding them.

And an unseen hand is guiding them—God's hand. For He has planned to save some of every kind of animal He created.

But the people looking on do not understand. It all seems strange to them, and funny. This ark isn't a boat after all, they say; just a new kind of zoo.

But when the last animal has passed through the door, Noah comes to the side of the ark and makes his final plea to the people to come in. "The Flood is coming. It is right upon you. Come into the ark! Come now, before it is forever too late!"

Again they mock him. "Go live with your animals!" they say. But repent of their evil deeds they will not.

So Noah leaves them. And the Bible says: "And Noah went in, and his sons, and his wife, and his sons' wives with him, into the ark, because of the waters of the Flood. Of clean beasts, and of beasts that are not clean, and of fowls, and of everything that creepeth

upon the earth, there went in two and two unto Noah into the ark, the male and the female, as God had commanded Noah." "And the Lord shut him in."

As that great door mysteriously closed, there may have been some looking on who wondered whether they had made a mistake. Perhaps Noah was right. Perhaps they should have gone in with him. But as nothing happened they soon got over it. There was no sign whatever of a flood such as Noah had preached about. And there he was inside with all those animals!

After seven days, however, they changed their minds.

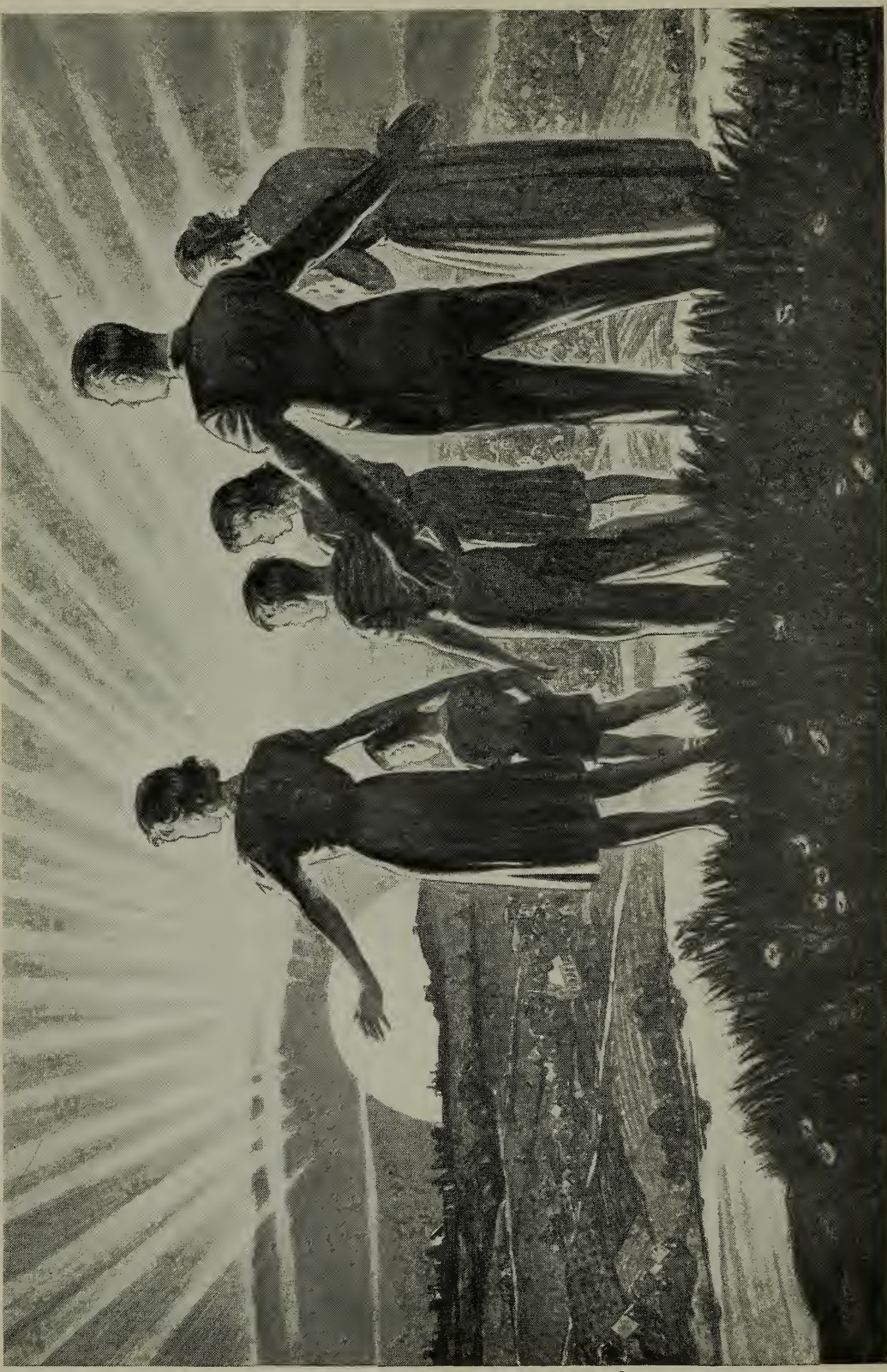
Great black clouds now cover the sky. Lightning flashes and thunder roars. Drops of water begin to fall. It is raining for the first time in the history of the world! Water from the sky! This is what Noah said would happen. The old preacher was right, after all.

It is a heavy downpour now, increasing every minute. Water is pouring off the roofs of houses, rushing down the roadways. Streams are filling up, overflowing their banks. Low-lying land is becoming swampy. Pools and small lakes are forming everywhere.

People are getting worried. Some look toward the ark and wish they had gone inside before the door was shut. But it is too late.

Now there is water everywhere. Streets are flooded. It is coming into houses. People begin moving to higher ground.

But look! What is this? A wall of water is coming from the sea. A tidal wave! People run for their lives.



They climb trees and hurry up hillsides. But the water chases them and there is no escape, for "the same day were all the fountains of the great deep broken up, and the windows of heaven were opened."

People climb up the ark and batter at the door. But there is no way to open it. They cry out that they are sorry for their sins, sorry that they laughed so at Noah and his preaching; but it is too late to be sorry.

How important it is to be sorry for our sins *in time!*

The water rises, rises, rises, until at last "all the high hills" "and the mountains" are covered. "And all flesh died that moved upon the earth."

And so the old world, the beautiful world God created in the beginning, comes to its tragic end.

And all because of sin! All because people forgot their God! How much they lost by doing wrong!

Long years afterward, Jesus said, "As the days of Noe were, so shall also the coming of the Son of man be. For as in the days that were before the Flood they were eating and drinking, marrying and giving in marriage, until the day that Noe entered into the ark, and knew not until the flood came, and took them all away; so shall also the coming of the Son of man be." Matthew 24:37-39.

And He added—for you and for me: "Watch therefore: for ye know not what hour your Lord doth come."



Only Noah and his family and the animals with him were saved from the Flood. Nobody else. In all the earth there was not a single animal or man left. Only in the ark, tossed on the wild waves of that storm-swept ocean, was there life.

How God must have watched over the ark through that whole terrible experience! How much it meant to Him! All His hopes and plans for the human race depended on those within it. Only through them could His purpose be carried out.

“And God remembered Noah, and every living thing, and all the cattle that was with him in the ark: . . . and the rain from heaven was restrained. . . . And the ark rested . . . upon the mountains of Ararat.”

But though the ark had touched ground again at last, there was no land to be seen—only water, water, everywhere. Noah felt sure that the water was going down, but there was no way to tell. He had to wait,

trusting God to deliver him and his family in His own good time.

"And the waters decreased continually until the tenth month: in the tenth month, on the first day of the month, were the tops of the mountains seen."

What a shout must have gone up from them all at that moment! "Land! Land!" they must have cried, with the joy of those who have been long at sea.

Now it was that Noah "opened the window of the ark" and sent forth, first a raven, then a dove, "to see if the waters were abated from off the face of the ground."

But the dove returned. So Noah waited another week, then sent it out again. This time it came back with an olive leaf in its beak, which proved that the waters were going down and that some trees were still standing.

He waited yet another seven days, then sent out the dove again. This time it did not return.

Feeling sure that there must now be much land exposed, "Noah removed the covering of the ark, and looked, and, behold, the face of the ground was dry."

At last the great door is opened. Eagerly all eight of them step into the open air again, while the animals, released from their pens, rush by to freedom.

What a sight meets their eyes! Around them lies the wreckage caused by the raging waters. Their beautiful world has gone! All is different. Great trees have been uprooted. Hills have been swept clean of soil and verdure. Mountains have become scarred and jagged.

Fruitful plains have become deserts. Not a human dwelling can be seen anywhere. It is enough to break their hearts.

Suddenly, however, Noah looks upward. There in the sky, as though trying to encircle the ruined earth, is a great, glowing arch of many colors. Never have they seen anything so wonderful. With bated breath they stand looking at it, wondering what it may mean.

It is the first rainbow!

And God draws near and says: "I do set My bow in the cloud, and it shall be for a token of a covenant between Me and the earth."

So God has not forgotten them! This beautiful rainbow is only God's way of saying, "I will never forget you. I will never go back on My promises."

New hope fills their hearts. They know now that all will yet be well. And with the shining arch above them they go forth to a new beginning, to build a new world with God.

